

THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE "miniature general election" closed yesterday with the return of a member for the Harborough Division of Leicestershire. The result of the contest will be made known to-day. The South Dorset election on Thursday resulted in the return of MR. BRYMER, but the Conservative majority is reduced from 991 to 40. In the Stowmarket Division of Suffolk, however, the Liberals secured a somewhat unexpected victory by the return of MR. STERN by a majority of 214 votes over his Conservative opponent, MR. GREENE. This means the gain of a seat. The result has been a great disappointment to those supporters of the Ministry who imagined that the tide had turned in favour of LORD SALISBURY. It is regarded by Tories themselves as a proof that the Free Education bribe has not been accepted by the country; and there is some reason to believe that it has, for the moment at all events, put an end to the prospect of an early dissolution.

WE discuss elsewhere the detailed accounts which have been received of the grievous disaster of Manipur. It is but small satisfaction to know that England has avenged the loss of her representatives, and that for the future there will be no chance of resistance to her arms in the little State which has won for itself so unenviable a notoriety. The one fact upon which we are compelled to dwell is the manner in which this disaster was brought about. Whoever may be the person chiefly to blame, it is impossible to question the fact that mismanagement of the most serious character led up to the attack upon the British Residency and the Chief Commissioner. It will be the duty of the Liberal party to insist upon the most rigid inquiry into the circumstances of this melancholy episode in our Indian history. Nor is it possible to acquit those in high places of responsibility for the disaster. MR. QUINTIN may have erred, but he can hardly have done so alone or without countenance from his superiors at Calcutta. Unless a rude blow is to be struck at public confidence in the system of Indian administration, Parliament must get to the bottom of this bad business, and insist upon due punishment being dealt to those who are primarily responsible for it.

THE May Day demonstrations on the Continent did not pass over without some serious disturbances, to which we refer elsewhere. In England nothing could have been more satisfactory than the manner in which the day was celebrated. The vast meeting in Hyde Park on Sunday was probably the largest of the kind ever held on English soil, and it was at the same time as orderly as a meeting of Convocation would have been. Some foolish speeches were made, and not a few of the leaders of the working classes showed once more that they are hardly equal to the position they have gained; but, upon the whole, the temper not only of the speakers but of those whom they addressed was admirable. And though the Eight Hours Bill still remains an enigma, the exact meaning of which none of its advocates seem able to explain to us, the demonstration must be regarded as an important manifestation of that desire for the solidarity of labour throughout

the world which seems to be taking possession of the working classes both in this country and on the Continent.

THE appointment of MR. W. H. SMITH as successor to LORD GRANVILLE in the Wardenship of the Cinque Ports will come as a surprise to most persons. Despite the enthusiasm of the *Times*, which seems to see in MR. SMITH the typical Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, it is difficult to admit that this very respectable and eminently worthy gentleman is altogether in the direct line of succession to the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, LORD PALMERSTON, and LORD GRANVILLE. There was no real reason why the post might not have been filled by an eminent soldier or sailor who is not engaged in active politics; or it might have been bestowed upon someone whose public services have been more prolonged and distinguished than those of the member for the Strand. It might even have been given to MR. GLADSTONE, and the outside world at all events would have recognised the fitness of such an exercise of the Royal patronage. That the honour should have fallen to MR. SMITH will strike most persons as being rather amusing.

THE epidemic of influenza which has been raging for some weeks past with extraordinary violence in Yorkshire, and which is now beginning to make itself felt in London, has claimed one illustrious victim. The death of the Archbishop of York, within five months of his elevation to the Northern Primacy, is a great blow to the Church of which he was one of the most distinguished prelates. DR. MAGEE belonged to the well-defined class of statesmen-bishops. Without casting any reflection upon the manner in which he discharged his duties during his long tenure of the See of Peterborough, it is bare justice to him to say that he was even more distinguished in the House of Lords and in Convocation than in his ordinary episcopal work. He had made his mark upon the public life of this country not only by an eloquence worthy of the best traditions of his race, but by a force, a shrewdness, and a sagacity which are not always united to the gift of oratory. His elevation to the Episcopacy was one of MR. DISRAELI's most successful exercises of patronage. He was called to England and to the House of Lords in order to take part in the defence of the Irish Church against those who sought to disestablish it, and none who heard the great speech which he contributed to the debate on the second reading of the Irish Church Bill in 1869 can have forgotten how completely he justified his elevation. At the close of that speech a scene was witnessed the like of which had hardly been seen before by any member of the illustrious assembly he addressed. From both sides of the House the peers rushed tumultuously to the Bench where BISHOP MAGEE sat, in order to shake him by the hand and offer him congratulations as warm as those which are tendered on similar occasions in the French Assembly. His brilliant common-sense was often in later days displayed in the manner in which he handled those political and social questions which specially affect the Church of which he was one of the leading ornaments; whilst to the last he retained his eloquence in the pulpit. Great things had been hoped from his tenure of the Northern Archbishopric—hopes which, alas! have

been quenched by a death that may justly be regarded as premature.

THE proposal made by SIR HENRY JAMES that members of Parliament should have the right of resigning their seats is one which has clearly much to recommend it. It is obvious that much inconvenience must arise from the necessity of granting a fictitious office like the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds to any man who wishes to vacate his seat in the House of Commons. Clearly there ought to be some less cumbersome mode of procedure than this, and we should be sorry to think that SIR HENRY JAMES'S proposal will not meet with general acceptance. At present, difficult as it is to obtain admission to the House, it is sometimes still more difficult to retire from it. The mode in which this can now alone be effected is an obvious anachronism, and the sooner it is altered the better it will be for everybody.

CAPTAIN E. H. VERNEY, M.P., pleaded guilty on Wednesday to a charge of conspiracy of a most cruel and disgraceful kind, and he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. Even when we take into account the social ruin which has fallen upon the unhappy man, we cannot regard his punishment as being too severe, for his offence was one of the worst of which any man can be guilty. Perhaps the blackest feature of his conduct was the cold-blooded hypocrisy which has characterised his public life. The man who has just been convicted of conspiring to procure an innocent girl in order to ruin her, was a prominent member of the self-styled "party of purity," and not the least conspicuous personage among that Pharisaic host. Deeply as we must pity those innocent persons who must of necessity suffer with him, we cannot but feel that the criminal himself has received his bare deserts.

THE revelations which have been made in connection with the Anglo-Austrian Printing Company, with which is closely allied the hardly more fortunate Hansard Publishing Union, have justly startled the public. It is difficult to understand how an enterprise, conducted apparently with so complete a disregard of the ordinary laws of commercial life, should have been allowed to obtain any measure of public support, and it seems impossible that the conduct of those who were chiefly concerned in the floating of the Company should be allowed to pass without further inquiry. But it ought to be said that if the public has suffered a heavy loss by being led into an investment which was absolutely worthless, it was not because there were not competent persons who could from the first have exposed the real character of the undertaking. At the time when the Anglo-Austrian Printing and Publishing Company was started there were many experts who could have exposed its real character and prevented investors from giving their money in support of so hopeless a scheme. That they did not do so was due, not so much to the law of libel itself, as to the manner in which too many of our judges now interpret and enforce that law. The newspaper press ought to be the guardian of public interests in matters of this kind. Possessing ample means for ascertaining the truth with regard to most of the speculative schemes which are launched in the City, it should be able to protect the unwary and the ignorant. But every newspaper editor knows that if, in discharging a most useful public function, he should by any chance bring himself within the meshes of the law, there are judges now sitting on the Bench who will show him no mercy, who will absolutely refuse to take into account the purity of his intentions, and who will mete out to him the hard measure of justice which is all he can expect from a bad law. Is it wonderful in these cir-

cumstances that proprietors and editors of newspapers prefer to leave the public to take care of itself, rather than run the risk of the kind of treatment they are certain to receive if they should find themselves brought before certain of our judges as defendants in an action for libel?

THE City has been greatly disturbed this week by alarmist rumours respecting the intended action of the Russian Government. MESSRS. ROTHSCHILD, of London and Paris, and MESSRS. BLEICHRÖDER, of Berlin, had entered into an agreement for converting a fresh portion of the Russian debt; and it was announced at the beginning of the week that the conversion, which was to take place in a few weeks, had been postponed, the reason assigned being the state of the Paris market, where already immense quantities of Russian bonds are held, and there has been a reckless speculation in various securities. Rumour, however, insists that this was not the only motive of the postponement; that, in fact, MESSRS. ROTHSCHILD and BLEICHRÖDER shared in the indignation of the Jews generally at the persecution of their co-religionists in Russia; and that the conversion is not merely postponed, but that the great houses in question have practically withdrawn from it. It is feared that the Russian Government, in revenge, may withdraw from London, Paris, and Berlin such immense sums in gold as may throw those markets into confusion and bring about serious financial consequences. The rumours are doubtless grossly exaggerated, for the Russian Government, if it were to adopt the course attributed to it, would injure its own credit at least as much as it would prejudice the Jewish financial houses. But as the Money and Stock Markets throughout Europe were already in a critical state, the rumours set afloat caused a general decline in prices; at one time Russian bonds fell $2\frac{1}{2}$, and the depreciation extended to all other departments, Consols and Home Railway stocks being decidedly weak.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday raised their rate of discount from $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to 4 per cent. The change was generally expected in the City; indeed, bill-brokers on Wednesday were taking bills only on condition that the rates to be paid were to be higher if an alteration was made in the Bank rate. The Russian Government has very large sums deposited with its financial agents in London, and it intends during the next couple of months to take some millions in gold. If this is done, and the reserve of the Bank of England is not increased in the meanwhile, alarm will be created, and the market will be disturbed, for the Bank reserve is unquestionably too low at present. Fortunately, it is believed that as much gold as is required by the Russian Government can be obtained in New York, and it is hoped that the rise in the Bank rate will retain the metal in London until the time arrives for forwarding it to St. Petersburg. During the present week, about three-quarters of a million sterling have been shipped from New York to London, and, doubtless, further large sums will be exported in the early future. Meantime, it is to be hoped that the Bank of England will take all the measures necessary to make the 4 per cent. rate effective and so stop withdrawals of gold for other countries besides Russia. Early in the week it looked as if we were about to witness a fresh speculation in silver; but the gold demands of the Russian Government, the exports of the metal from New York, and the alarm that has been excited in the Stock Markets in connection with the Russian conversion, have caused a sharp fall in New York. There are rumours, too, of commercial troubles in China and in India, in consequence of the fluctuations in silver, and it seems probable therefore that the speculators who have been attempting to move the market will not succeed.

THE WOMEN'S VOTE.

THERE has been great chuckling in certain quarters over an incident which occurred on Thursday week in the House of Commons—we mean, of course, the division which indirectly settled the fate of the Female Franchise Bill for the present Session. The people who dislike that measure had an opportunity of striking it with safety; and they seized the opportunity with an eagerness which has even astonished themselves. We have heard so much about Woman Suffrage of recent years; its friends have been so active and urgent, its opponents apparently so timorous and half-hearted, that in many quarters it has been the fashion to look upon the battle as already won. Suddenly, however, the eyes of the friends of the movement have been opened. They have met with a severe rebuff which has practically settled the question for the lifetime of the present Parliament. And the rebuff has come from an unexpected quarter. Many of those on whose passive sympathy they believed they could count, even if they could not rely upon their active assistance, have come to the aid of the arch enemy. Nearly all that is most powerful, most worthy of respect in Parliament, was ranged in the division of Thursday week among those who sought to prevent the appointment of a special day for the discussion of the Female Suffrage Bill. No wonder that the friends of that measure are overflowing with indignation.

And yet it has long been apparent to keen-witted observers that something of this sort must happen. The plain truth is that the more closely the proposal to give women equal political rights with men is looked at, the less it is liked by the majority of mankind. Nor need we wonder at this fact, or fall into the error of attributing it to the mere selfishness of man, his desire to retain his supreme authority over woman. Certain forms of female suffrage are already in force in this country, and practical politicians have had an opportunity of seeing for themselves how they answer. It is true that the extension of the franchise to women which has already taken place is in itself unobjectionable. But the equity of the change which gave certain women a vote in municipal affairs is independent of the manner in which they have used that vote. Unfortunately experience has taught all who are concerned in municipal elections that the working of the female franchise has not been satisfactory. Whether rightly or wrongly, the fact remains that the great majority of female voters have the strangest dislike for independence. There are, of course, striking exceptions to the rule; but these exceptions only seem to make the rule more conspicuous. The majority of the ladies who now enjoy a vote in municipal affairs vote as they are told. That is to say, they place themselves in the hands of some trusted friend, and their ballot-paper is marked as that friend advises. By-and-by this may all be changed; the idea of the independence of woman, which now possesses so strongly the minds of a few, may permeate the whole mass of the female sex. But clearly that is not the case at present, and will hardly be the case for a generation to come. What happens now is that certain favoured persons—clergymen being conspicuous among their number—though they are not allowed a plurality of wives, are permitted to enjoy a plurality of votes; and in more cases than we care to dwell upon, the votes of women in municipal contests have been cast against useful and necessary measures of reform, merely for the sake of pleasing their spiritual or medical advisers.

This being the actual result of the female suffrage allowed in certain forms of the franchise, it is hardly surprising that it has not tended to break down the

general opposition to the extension of the Parliamentary franchise to women. Their logical claim to the vote may seem to them to be irresistible; but ardent "female suffragists" must make some allowance for men who, after seeing the unsatisfactory results of the woman's vote in municipal affairs, are delighted to get an opportunity of killing by an indirect blow any proposal to extend the vote to Parliamentary elections. Moreover, the advocates of Woman Suffrage, elated by platform triumphs which have been to a great extent illusory, have gone beyond the bounds of common prudence in advocacy of their cause. It is no longer the independent female, the head of a household, who lives on her own means and leans on no man for support, to whom alone they propose to give the franchise. They demand it now in many cases for women whether they be married or single; whether they pay taxes and rates in their own names or allow some member of the poorer sex the privilege of paying for them. Now this is a demand which is to be defended neither upon grounds of expediency nor upon those of equity, and it is well that the advocates of women's rights, so-called, should be told plainly that no proposal of this sort is likely to meet with the acceptance of either political party. "Parliament can do anything," said a great statesman, "but one thing: it cannot turn a woman into a man." Parliament could of course, if it chose, make women, whether qualified or not under the existing franchise, Parliamentary voters. But though it may have the power to do this, it most assuredly has not the will; nor is there the smallest probability that in our time a change of so revolutionary a character will find acceptance with any House of Commons which is likely to be chosen by the people of Great Britain.

The truest kindness is to speak plainly on this subject. The enfranchisement of woman is advancing surely and by no means slowly. In many instances women themselves have given invaluable help in the good work; but the greatest victories on behalf of the cause have been secured for it by men, and by men who have been by no means prominent on the platforms of the Women's Rights meetings. On the other hand, much has been done in connection with the movement for Women's Rights which has tended to bring that movement as a whole into disfavour, and the result has unquestionably been that the undercurrent of feeling against extending the Parliamentary franchise to women, which exists even among many who are nominally in favour of that movement, has been steadily hardening for some years. We do not blame women for resorting to platforms and to public agitation in order to carry measures on which their hearts are set; but, on the other hand, those who take this line of action must not conceal from themselves the fact that it is attended by certain grave disadvantages. The great majority of their own sex view their proceedings, if not with open disfavour, certainly with a curious lack of sympathy. This may be wrong; but the fact remains, and it is idle to ignore it. It is a fact which cannot but have an influence upon men; for, after all, the women who have the chief influence over a man are those who are nearest to him—the women of his own household, his friends, his acquaintances, the women whom he loves or admires—and not the women known to him only by name, who seek to move him by appeals addressed to him from the rostrum which has so long belonged to his own sex exclusively. Perhaps it is wrong that this should be so; but the fact remains, and it does much to account for the very real though usually latent disfavour which even the most zealous of political reformers feels for the movement in favour of Female Suffrage. Are we, then, to give up the cause of woman's emancipation

as lost? By no means. It is destined to triumph, even though the Parliamentary vote be withheld from women in perpetuity. But its triumph will come in other forms, and by other means than those to which the ardent advocates of to-day seem to pin their faith.

"In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly;
But westward, look, the land is bright."

THE MANIPUR CRIME.

ON the 24th March occurred a disaster to the British arms which, from the first accounts, appeared to be tragically complete. A force of some four hundred and fifty native infantry was reported to have been cut to pieces by the Manipuris, of whose very existence few people in this country were aware, and the shock caused by the news was keenly felt. On the 27th April, three British columns, amounting in all to about four thousand men—from Kohima, Silchar, and Tamu—met in the Palace enclosure of Manipur. "There was no opposition," states the official telegram, and though rumours of much "fortification" had reached us, no effective resistance was offered to the advance. The Tamu column is reported to have had a "hard fight" near Thobal; but the British loss amounted only to two killed and twelve wounded; while of the "enemy," so called, 128 were killed in or near the position occupied, and "many more in the pursuit." In another skirmish near Pallel, the Manipuris fled, leaving fifty killed, the British casualties being *nil*. It is clear, therefore, that the opposition was of the weakest possible description. Either the Manipuris have not much fight in them, or, which is much more probable, their hearts were not in the matter. The original disaster was greatly magnified by the first fugitives, and the total loss in the attack on the Residency is now estimated at sixty-five killed and twenty wounded—a number considerably less than that of the Manipuris, who have already paid the penalty of their lives.

The original reports contained much that appeared to be almost incredible. The force, marched for some unknown object into a country which had some twelve thousand armed men provided with artillery presented by the Government of India, was stated to have carried only forty rounds of ammunition per man. A mere handful of men under Lieutenant Grant had repulsed a large force of Manipuris with ease, and it was difficult to understand how four hundred and fifty good native troops had been so quickly broken up. Much light has been thrown upon the causes which led to the disaster by the letters of Mrs. Grimwood and Lieutenant Woods published in the *Times*; but much still demands explanation. Up to the 16th ultimo, the Secretary of State for India had "no information" as to the alleged want of ammunition; but on this point there is unhappily no doubt whatever. The larger questions—Why a force much too strong for an escort, and much too small to overawe Manipur, was sent at all, and how it was handled on arrival—still await an answer; but in most minds the narrative of Mrs. Grimwood, by its very simplicity, has created conviction that a terrible blunder was committed. Notwithstanding that the secret of the intended intervention could not be kept at Calcutta, whence a telegram announcing that "a big tiger will shortly be caught in Manipur" seems to have emanated, Mrs. Grimwood writes: "They kept us in the dark as to their real reasons for coming until they arrived on the 22nd March." And Mr. Gurdon, sent on in advance to cross-

question Mr. Grimwood as to the military strength of the Manipuris, is stated to have given no information whatever as to the intentions of his chief to the only man really able to advise upon them. Of the ill-fated force itself, Lieutenant Woods writes: "We did not know what was to be done in Manipur; everyone was kept in the dark completely." Thus a force, whose officers do not appear to have known whether they were engaged in a military expedition or a picnic, was marched into Manipur to arrest a native prince with a following of twelve thousand armed men. Boldness in such a case may be admirable, but the provision of a proper supply of ammunition would scarcely be regarded as detracting from it.

Much worse followed, however, according to Mrs. Grimwood's account. The decision that the Jubraj was to be removed and banished "was to be announced in the durbar, and when the princes got up to go, the Jubraj was to be arrested and conveyed out of the place by some of the 42nd. For this purpose the steps to the house were lined with Sepoys and the house generally surrounded." This "alleged" statement, as Sir W. Hunter terms it, is, he considers, contradicted by that of Lord Cross—"My information does not lead me to believe that the Government of India ever contemplated the summoning of the Senaputty to a durbar for the purpose of arresting him." But it is evident that the Government of India would not be likely to detail the measures to be taken to effect an arrest it may have sanctioned, and this statement has obviously nothing to do with the matter; while it is almost inconceivable that Mrs. Grimwood would have imagined the 'lining of the steps with Sepoys.' The official account, conveyed in the Viceroy's telegram of the 18th April, is quite consistent with that of Mrs. Grimwood. The durbars of the 22nd and 23rd were not attended by the Regent's brothers, and Mr. Quinton "then sent a written *ultimatum* to the Regent warning him that unless the Senaputty were surrendered he would be arrested." An unsuccessful attempt to effect the arrest was then made and opposed by the Manipuris, leading to the disastrous fighting of the 24th.

For the honour of the country, and that of the Government of India, it is imperative that the dark cloud which hangs over the whole of the Manipur incident should be dispelled. The text of the instructions given to Mr. Quinton has been promised to Parliament; but, so far, nothing as to the facts has been elicited in either House, and Sir J. Gorst's plea that it is unreasonable to "harass" the Government of India "during critical military operations"—one wonders if the Under Secretary has any idea what "critical military operations" mean—has now broken down. Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to learn that, although he will not undertake that villages shall not be burned, he has admitted that any action which would not have been taken by a German force in France, would be "improper" to a British force in Manipur. The admission of this principle would be important if it were practicable in dealing with semi-civilised races, and it is only to be regretted that it was not even partially arrived at years ago, before (say) the action taken against Secocoeni's followers. For, unquestionably, the facts, so far as we know them, call strongly for clemency to the Manipuris. At the best, a terrible blunder seems to have been committed, and it is highly probable that our latest "enemy" had no wish whatever for the fighting which was forced upon him. The abortive attempt to arrest the Senaputty at his house, to which the disaster is directly due, bears a striking resemblance to measures, approved by the present Government, which have given rise to similar results on a smaller scale in Ireland.

It is not revenge, which will not give us back the valuable lives wantonly sacrificed, that is wanted; but justice, and, as a first step, the country will demand that light should be thrown upon the dark places of this most unfortunate history.

COLONIAL TROUBLES.

FOR the purposes of our present disquisition, it matters not whether the colonial telegrams which appear in the papers of this present Saturday morning point to trouble or repose. For the moment, Newfoundland and Mashonaland are the twin centres of anxiety, and the news from each varies day by day like the temperature of a patient in fever. But to those on the inside track of Imperial politics, the fact is perfectly familiar that, whether or no "the thing has got into the papers," there is never a day, year in and year out, when England is not dwelling on the slope of a more or less active volcano. And so it has been for perhaps eighteen years past—but more especially during the whole interval which has elapsed since Sir Beauchamp Seymour opened fire on the forts of Alexandria. It was not always so. In the 'fifties and the 'sixties we had an Empire large enough to satisfy the most vaulting ambition. But it gave us little anxiety. We had taken all that was best of the earth's surface, and the other Powers which indulged in the luxury of dependencies regarded our possessions without jealousy. Like our own statesmen of that day, their public men regarded such things as at best onerous, although perhaps also honourable, responsibilities. In no part of the world did anyone then imagine that a European Power could either strengthen or enrich itself by distant annexations, or by the forcible opening of poor markets. On the Continent, as in England, the Manchester politician was supreme. He had not yet been crushed out by the "Cotton Jingo." And the "Hymn-book Imperialist" was not.

Indeed, in those days the man of the Sword, and the man of the Gospel, were hostile forces, counterpoising one another in a manner entirely conducive to public interests. Now, alas! they are joined in an unholy alliance. In the same pestilential and unprofitable wilderness, where the Hymn-book Imperialist sees his chance of clapping a few score of picturesque savages into pantaloons, the intelligent staff-officer sees a chance of stars, medals, and promotion; and the two go at it hammer and tongs in the London and provincial press until a dumb and timid administration, quaking at the dread accusation of "Little Englandism," adds another hundred-weight or two to the load under which John Bull is staggering to a fall.

Not, indeed, that on these two alone—the man of the Sword and the man of the Gospel—does the whole burden of advocacy fall. They are aided by that strange being, the Scotch Colonial Expansionist, of whom it has been unkindly said that he is a rogue first and a Radical afterwards; and also by the old-established London financier of high-sounding name and seeming wealth, but sadly unable to make both ends meet in the new strange City-world of to-day. It is not too much to say that the work of these four worthies is wholly bad. It has all been done in the last eighteen years. Before that they were powerless; for our external politics, through all changes of party, were ruled by three officials who hated and despised them—men of the justest judgment, the finest conscience, and the most masterful personality—Hammond, Merivale, and Blachford. Since Lord Hammond left the Foreign Office, Mr.

Herman Merivale left the India Office, and Lord Blachford left the Colonial Office, there has hardly been a forward movement in our external politics which has not been absolutely vicious. Every possession which was ours eighteen years ago is a credit to us, and is sound financially and socially. Even the despised West Indies are peaceful, solvent, and happy.

Everything that we have acquired in the last eighteen years is a burden to the people of England, or to the dependency with which it is connected, and often a source of hitherto undreamed-of danger. Happily for the England of eighteen years ago, the journalist of that day was endowed with the rich gift of self-distrust. He knew that Indian and Colonial politics were beyond him, and never trusted himself to write of them, except when his leaders had pronounced as experts, and then he confined himself to following suit in a column of wishy-washy comment. The leaders then, as now, were penetrated by an oppressive sense of the disproportion between the resources and the responsibilities of England, a disproportion which no conceivable expenditure on men, ships, and fortresses, can efface; and it was as much an axiom with each side that our responsibilities should be restricted, and, where practicable, curtailed, as that the holder of Consols should be paid his interest. The statesman of to-day is not less alive than were Disraeli, Molesworth, Grey, Newcastle, Palmerston, and Cornwall Lewis to the hazards of limitless Imperialism. But the statesman of to-day is not master in his own office. The pen has been snatched from his hand by the New Journalist, ignorant alike of the disposition of foreign nations, the elements of international law, the treaty obligations of his country, the maxims of political economy, the very elements of physical geography, and governing facts of human physiology.

Your New Journalist can never understand why white men cannot labour within the tropics, or why a steamer cannot ascend a river which boasts one or more cataracts along its course. He does not think any worse of a roadstead if it is exposed to the wind from at least two sides, and the fact that the depth of water in it is less, measured in feet, than the submerged portion of an average ocean steamer appears to him to have no bearing whatever on the question whether it is ever likely to become a busy commercial port. Hoisting the British flag is his great panacea for all symptoms of national decadence. Time was when the Union Jack was never hoisted on any spot of earth unless men were to be left behind there, who could be trusted to die before they would allow it to be dishonoured. But the New Journalist has no patience with such old-world pedantry. He thinks little, indeed, of a single Union Jack. His idea is that his favourite pro-consuls should be supplied with the article in carpet-bagfuls, and that they should go on planting it as rapidly as the proprietor of a travelling circus throws out his hand-bills. It is nothing to him that it will be trampled into the tropical slush next day, or cut up into waist-cloths for the nearest chief and his family—so much more of the world's map has been "painted red," which is all he cares for—profoundly oblivious of the fact that the daubing of maps is a pastime of the nursery. Probably the madness begotten of the New Imperialism will before long work its own cure. The talk of the Lobby all this week has been that we are about to be let in for a twenty-million war in sustaining the hands of "God's Englishmen in the Land of Ophir."

These, indeed, are not the exact words used by the *quidnuncs* of the House. What they say,

in their wretched man-of-the-world invertebrate fashion, is that we are going to lose all this money in backing up Alfred and Randolph in their little flutter—Randolph we know, but what a “flutter” may mean, and who “Alfred” is, we know not. But of this we are certain, that if twenty millions, or any appreciable fraction of twenty millions, is spent in Mashonaland, then the death-warrant of Hymn-book Imperialism is signed, and the policy of the future will be a gradual reversion to the prudent maxims of the trained statesmen who controlled opinion in a former generation.

HOW STOWMARKET WAS WON.

WHEN the contest at Stowmarket, began, few Liberals without personal knowledge of the constituency would have dared to hope for success. Those, however, who knew what progress had been made in local organisation, how the local Liberal leaders had from time to time been taking stock of their strength, and how their organisation—incomplete though it was—had secured the victory at local elections, felt confident that on a heavy poll Mr. Stern would beat his Tory antagonist. Two days before the election it was predicted that Mr. Stern would win—but by a majority less than that which awaited him after the dissolution of Parliament. The causes which have contributed to Mr. Stern's victory now will and must operate with increasing force during the interval; and the coming victory will be all the more decisive, for this reason among others, that Unionism, paper Unionism, in North-West Suffolk has been wiped out, is clean gone, leaving Liberalism and Toryism—Progress and Reaction—to fight it out between them. The triumph of Liberalism in North-West Suffolk is so full of valuable instruction to every agricultural constituency in England that we would dwell for a brief space upon this all-important question of organisation.

The North-West Suffolk Workmen's Liberal Association, to give it its full name, shares the general character and constitution of the hundreds of town and country unions which constitute the National Liberal Federation, and which are related to the central offices in Parliament Street, London, as to a co-ordinating and directing brain. There are one hundred and eleven parishes in North-West Suffolk, and every one of these parishes is either the seat of a branch of the Workmen's Association or is represented in some neighbouring branch. There are between seventy and eighty branches in all. Delegates from these branches form the Central Committee or Council, which meets two or three times a year in the headquarters of the constituency. The parochial branches are divided into sections, each section having its president, or overseer, who knows every member of his group, and every labourer and workman in his section, personally and intimately, and whose business it is to collect and disseminate information for the guidance of his section, and, generally speaking, to take stock of, and report upon, the feeling and opinion of his little world. The parish branches meet frequently, to report progress, or to discuss or hear lectures upon some point in the Liberal programme. Subscriptions are more or less out of the question in an agricultural constituency in which wages average eleven shillings a week. Large numbers of labourers, however, subscribe sixpence a quarter. All above the age of sixteen are, on condition of general adherence to the Liberal pro-

gramme, eligible for admission. We do not say that the organisation thus briefly sketched is complete, or that it works with absolute regularity and precision. But that is the plan of it; and it is growing in efficiency, slowly—after Hodge's manner—but all the more surely. Any such rural organisation without its political missionaries would simply be labour lost; and for the last three years the Liberal leaders of North-West Suffolk have been keeping their lecturers constantly on the move. Scores of lectures, more particularly on Radical village reform (a topic which never fails to arouse the country labourer's interest), have been delivered all over the constituency since last October. Parish Councils, with election by ballot and one vote for one man, allotments, free education, libraries and reading rooms, commons, popular supervision of charities—these are the topics upon which the labourers of North-West Suffolk have all this while been educating themselves, and the problems which, as they are well aware, will never be satisfactorily solved by a party whose principle is “mistrust of the people, qualified by fear.”

The Stowmarket Liberals have learned the lesson which the National Federation has never ceased to enforce—the lesson that Tory seats are not to be carried by a rush during the ten or twelve days of an electoral contest. And as for this indispensable work, no missionary can ever be as persuasive as he who, being himself of the people, knows their hardships, shares their aspirations, and appeals to them in their own homely, direct, concrete speech. Abstract language has no charms in Arcady; the political missionary—for such he is, literally—must be a linguistic realist. He organises victory by patient effort, repeated through the slow months and years in village schoolrooms, in stray talks with the “swinked” hedger by the wayside, in lay sermons delivered in the easiest of conversational styles on the village green. Unobtrusive, obscure work it is, unheard of in cities. That was why, at the beginning of the contest, it was the general opinion, among Liberals as well as among Tories, that the Tory candidate would win. But our harvest was there all the same—only still below ground. Not until the campaign was half through did it begin to dawn upon friends and foes from outside that the Liberal idea had taken firm root in the rustic voter's mind, and was about to bring forth fruit. You can hardly be too “advanced” [and to your surprise and pleasure you will soon discover that] if you mean to be a political missionary in a corner of Arcady like North-West Suffolk. You must be in earnest, or else your rhetoric will pass by Hodge's ears like the barren wind. But a short time ago the Suffolk labourer could scarcely pluck up courage to enter a Liberal lecture-room, unless his master, the big farmer, preceded him; and at the beginning of the late contest it was often noticed that if the farmers were present the labourers were shy of manifesting their opinion by a show of hands. Free education, allotments, Parish Councils on the basis of one man one vote, were the subjects to which the Stowmarket voters attached supreme importance. As for the first, the rustic voter saw in Mr. Goschen's scheme nothing but an electioneering device, and he wanted what he knew Mr. Goschen would not give—popular control. As for the second, the universal complaint in North-West Suffolk was, is, and until the Tory Government is overthrown will be, that the authors of the Act of 1887 took away with one hand what they gave with the other. It is not difficult to detect in the history of the Stowmarket election the beginnings of far-reaching changes in the village life of England.

MR. MATTHEWS' FACTORY BILL.

WE cannot congratulate either Mr. Matthews or the members of the Standing Committee on the Factory Bill which was last Monday ordered to be reported to the House. The Government Bill was remarkable in failing even to carry out either the very moderate proposals of the House of Lords' Committee on Sweating or the repeatedly expressed desires of the Factory Inspectors themselves. The Standing Committee had, however, virtually before it all the proposals contained in the other five Bills relating to Factory Law which had been issued by the Queen's printer. Yet Mr. Matthews' Bill emerges from the Committee somewhat improved in wording, but scarcely altered in scope. The old evils are apparently to remain unremedied, because the present Government is unwilling even to back its own Home Office in the protection of the poorer workers, and because a majority of the Standing Committee could not pluck up heart enough to remake the Bill.

What has been done in the Committee is, indeed, little enough, though Mr. Matthews managed to get defeated seven times in the process. The chief honours remain with Mr. Sydney Buxton, who stuck to the ungrateful task of improving a bad Bill with a pertinacity and tact deserving of greater success and a larger field. We owe it mainly to him that the attempt of the Government to shuffle out of all responsibility for the smaller workshops was defeated, and it was not his fault that the cry of the children was rejected. Mr. Matthews' pet abomination, the certifying surgeon, certified his own Parliamentary influence by getting the clause which would have disestablished him ignominiously rejected without a division. Dr. Farquharson was even able to engraft on the Bill a provision enabling him to make an annual report on his work. Sir Henry James has perhaps managed to do enough to save his seat at Bury by obsequious obedience to the instructions with which Messrs. Maudsley and Birtwhistle, the representatives of the United Textile Workers, have unrelentingly plied the Committee. He succeeded in carrying a small provision relating to notice of holidays, and a very important clause requiring the employer to furnish particulars of the work done by each operative employed at piece rates. This clause, strenuously resisted by the cotton-spinners on the Committee, marks a distinctly new departure in factory legislation.

This meagre account comprises practically all the improvements effected by the Committee. Nearly every amendment calculated to make the measure effective against the sweater has been ruthlessly defeated. A similar fate befell an important amendment which was moved by Mr. David Randell in a thin meeting on the very last day of the Committee. His proposal to allow the hours of labour to be limited on the now well-known "Trade Option" principle found only four supporters, but may be brought up again on the report stage. The small attendance, indeed, at this important Committee is one of the many signs of the demoralisation of the present House of Commons. There were never more than fifty members present, out of a total of eighty-four, and half the divisions were participated in by fewer than thirty-six members. So small a Committee fails to carry out its object in relieving the House, as all the main issues tend to come up again at the report stage. This, at any rate, will be the result of Mr. Matthews' uncompromising resistance to all the proposals connected with the employment of children. On this point we hope that there will be no hesitation on the side of the Liberal party. The bulk of the Liberal members of

the Committee fought steadily for the new Children's Charter, and the blame of its rejection rests primarily upon the Home Secretary, and secondarily upon those three or four Liberal Unionists who, as usual, threw in their lot with their Tory friends.

We confess that we are unable to understand what has possessed the Government to eat their own words in this fashion. The Report of the Chief Inspector of Factories, which was distributed, opportunely enough, last week, contains not only ample evidence of the need for raising the minimum age for employment, but also an explicit account of the manner in which Her Majesty's Government assented at Berlin, after much telegraphing to and fro, to the international minimum of twelve years. If we do not carry out our agreement, with what grace can we ask other nations to assimilate their factory legislation to ours in points in which they are at present more lax? The hope of an International Labour Code, upon which the welfare of millions of down-trodden workers largely depends, is apparently to be destroyed because certain textile manufacturers fear a loss of profit if they forego the cheap labour of children who ought to be at play, and because certain operatives in the most flourishing of our industries declare that they cannot live without their children's earnings. What a lurid light it throws upon the much-vaunted Labour Programme of the Conservative Party! We wonder what Sir John Gorst thinks of it.

This cynical disregard of international pledges was, however, too much for Sir William Houldsworth. But his compromise, which would have fixed the minimum age at eleven, met with no more acceptance at the hands of Mr. Matthews than the more thoroughgoing proposal of Mr. Sydney Buxton. When the question comes to be thrashed out in the House, we hope that Mr. Shaw Lefevre and Mr. Robertson, Mr. Briggs Priestley and Mr. Barran will stiffen their knees and not bring upon the Liberal Party the odium which it gained a generation ago, by the 'unfortunate resistance of certain of its members to the early Factory Acts. The Liberal Unionists must vote as they will, but we trust that no Liberal will be found in the lobby against the children. But the question ought not to be a party one. Sir William Houldsworth has already shown us that one member, at least, of the Conservative Party is not inclined to believe that the industrial welfare of this country depends on getting children into our mills at ten years old. On this point we have, indeed, already lost the lead in labour legislation. Mr. Whympers' report of the proceedings at Berlin shows that the twelve-year minimum is already in force in France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Sweden, and Luxemburg. Austria and Switzerland are wise enough to keep their children at school until fourteen. Only in Hungary, Denmark, and Italy is the minimum age lower than twelve. Nor is it true that the half-time system is unknown on the Continent. In France, Germany, and Sweden children from twelve to fourteen can be kept at work only thirty-six hours per week. In other respects, too, Continental factory legislation has gone ahead of our own. It is surely high time that this reproach should cease.

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF PARLIAMENT.

IF there were any truth in the oft-repeated assertion that Parliament is a decaying factor in the national life, the persistent caricature for which Lords and Commons furnish the butts might well be regarded as an instrument of revolution. The

business of the House of Commons is travestied every week; its forms are held up to ridicule; many of its members offer constant and tempting themes to the satiric pencil. Mr. Tenniel portrays Mr. Goschen as an old woman, in a cartoon which recalls the happiest spirit of *Punch*; and Mr. Harry Furniss, with marvellous fertility of resource, presents the most familiar of our political personalities in ever-changing and grotesque combinations. Moreover, the caricaturist has now betaken himself to the platform, and unfolds the natural history of Parliament with the aid of a screen and the electric light, supplemented by mimicry which may well excite the envy of Mr. Toole. That the House of Commons suffers not one jot in popular regard from this ingenious and incessant banter says a good deal for the native strength of an institution which some theorists suppose to be effete. Indeed, one of the humours of Parliament which Mr. Furniss has overlooked is that of the politician who thinks the House is going to the dogs because his party is obstructed by "those fellows below the gangway." "By George, sir," he will assure you, "they have no gentlemanly feeling! Manners, sir, are dead, and demagogues are howling over their grave!" Some day this pessimist will howl too in Opposition, and then some Radical, straightway forgetting what manner of man he was, will be bitterly indignant about Tory indecorum. Recrimination is one of the most inexhaustible elements of the Parliamentary comedy. "Thus didst thou!" exclaims the moralist of the Treasury Bench, pointing the finger of scorn at an opponent; and righteous wrath clamours from all the Ministerial bosoms, just as if the particular offence had never been committed by the very orator who is scorching it with his most virtuous invective. It is this perpetual pageant of human foibles which is far more entertaining than the eccentricities of particular members, or the quaint forms of ceremonial which have come down from remote ages. And just because this most essential humour of Parliament is taken quite gravely by political combatants, and made the theme of passionate appeals to sympathetic electors, the spirit of caricature fails to cope with the really fundamental irony of a democratic assembly.

But there is material enough for amusement, if only in the impenetrable gravity of the Parliamentary bore who knows that he is sustained by the respect of his constituents. "Fools find their level here," says the amusing usher in the Press Gallery in Mr. Furniss's lecture. But the cream of the joke is that they often do not. Look at this representative of a typical English borough. His ignorance is comprehensive; his assurance is unabashed. He wanted to know one day why the military knights of Windsor had lodgings at the public expense, and, on learning that they were the deserving objects of a charitable endowment, he embraced their supposed interests with sudden zeal, and asked why they were forced to go to church twice on Sunday. He sincerely believes that he is a protector of the taxpayer, and it is highly probable that his constituents believe it too. There is something touching in the faith with which they send such a man to Westminster, when, if they could really consult his best interests, they would limit the scope of his energies to a board of guardians or the committee of a local asylum. Here is another representative who persuaded an innocent population in North Britain that he was full of the wisdom of the East. He claims the attention of the House as an authority on agrarian problems and the most intricate finance. He is a bore of the first magnitude, but what do those electors in North Britain know about that? What they see is that their member absorbs a very large

proportion of the Parliamentary debates, and that is a sufficient proof of his public importance. Mr. Harry Furniss might visit the constituency of every bore, and exert himself in vain to direct the local sense of the ludicrous to the right object. Who imagines that Mr. William Johnston's constituents can see anything absurd in his protest against the opposition to the Parliamentary observance of Ascension Day? The Japanese House of Commons has a Christian Speaker and a Christian Chairman of Committees, for which reason, argued Mr. Johnston, a member of the English Legislature ought to be ashamed of himself for objecting to sit two hours later than usual on a sacred Wednesday afternoon. The exquisite charm of the Parliamentary joke is that in a case of this kind the people chiefly concerned are quite unconscious of the fun. If we were all humorists, life would become insufferable; for nothing could be worse than the pessimism of the perpetually appreciated jest. But the happy dispensation which has created Mr. William Johnston and his constituents makes humour the one form of selfish indulgence which is essential to the temporal salvation of a portion of the race.

As for the forms of Parliament, they were happily conceived by our ancestors for the entertainment of posterity. Mr. W. S. Gilbert in his most extravagant mood could not have devised anything more fantastic than the ceremonies which govern the transaction of the public business. From the regulation about the wearing of hats in the House to the annual search for Guy Fawkes in the vaults below, the entire procedure is an accumulation of burlesque. Possibly there was a deep design in the foundation of this system. It may have been thought that if the absurdities of ceremonial were made sufficiently gross, the mind of Parliament might be diverted from any morbid contemplation of its own weaknesses. This object has certainly been attained. It is such a delightful piece of nonsense to have Black Rod knocking at the door, summoning the members to the House of Lords to hear the Royal assent to Bills, and walking backwards to the bar, that many really grave anomalies have been tacitly overlooked. There is such a perpetual refreshment in the spectacle of the Sergeant-at-Arms, in court dress, with a gimcrack of a sword, that material obstacles to the progress of business have been endured for generations. That sword has no doubt quelled many a revolutionary outbreak, simply because members had not the heart to break the harmony of the Sergeant's aspect by urging him to the impossible feat of extracting the weapon from its scabbard. If a fierce mob were to force their way into the House, it is more than likely that the autocratic majesty of the Speaker would subdue the tumult with the magic words: "Ayes to the right, Noes to the left." But the best guarantee of the vitality of Parliamentary institutions is the unabated interest of the public in the minutest details of personal exterior. The moment a man enters the House of Commons, his wardrobe becomes the property of the nation. There is an honourable baronet still living who for years vainly asserted his exclusive right to his own white waistcoat. Mr. Gladstone would not dream of changing the shape of his collars without consulting Mr. Harry Furniss. If the democracy were debarred from this proprietorship in public men, if the proceedings of Parliament were closed against the inspectors of the Press, and the world could not learn whether Mr. Chaplin's glass remained steadfast in his eye during the delivery of an important statement about the muzzling of dogs, there can be little doubt in any philosophic mind that the Legislature would long since have died of popular indifference.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

MAY-DAY, which had occasioned so many apprehensions, and such careful preparations by various Continental Governments to cope with the forces of disorder, has, after all, been marked by only four or five serious disturbances. In Paris, where the precautions taken were especially elaborate, little really happened. There were various meetings, more or less violent in language, numerous deputations to the President of the Chamber with petitions for the Eight Hours Day, one unsuccessful dynamite explosion early in the morning, occasional slight conflicts between the police and the people, and one more serious affray, at Levallois. Mr. Cunningham Graham joined the Guesdist or Marxist deputation, which, as it could not be received collectively, declined at last to appear at all. At Marseilles and Lyons there were cavalry charges and some disturbance, and at the latter, something like a panic among the *bourgeoisie*. The disturbances elsewhere, at Nantes for instance, were trifling, except, indeed, at Fourmies (Nord), near the Belgian frontier. In Spain there were isolated riots; at Rome there was a serious conflict between the troops and a meeting on the Piazza Santa Croce, due, it would seem, entirely to the latter. The most serious troubles can hardly be said to have been occasioned, though they may perhaps have been assisted, by the observance of Labour Day. In Belgium the general strike which was to have been reserved as a means of enforcing Universal Suffrage on the Government, has broken out without adequate reason among the miners and metal-workers. Some seventy or eighty thousand men were on strike on Thursday, and the movement is spreading. Dynamite outrages have begun, troops are being drafted into the disturbed districts, the reserves will probably be called out, and the Liberal *bourgeoisie*, who would have given their sympathy had the strike been for a political object, are simply frightened away from the *Parti Ouvrier*. The strike has been undertaken prematurely, and, it would seem, against the advice of many of the leaders, in sympathy with the German miners, whose strike is a failure, and though it may lead to a good deal of serious disturbance, it cannot possibly succeed. The funds available, it is said, may last a fortnight. In France, too, the lamentable affair at Fourmies—the first time the Lebel rifles have been fired in anger, and the first shedding of French blood by French troops since 1871—was partly provoked, it seems, by an ill-judged circular of the masters, issued April 30th, which condemned agitators and announced that the masters were united and ready for mutual defence. Then blacklegs were stoned and prisoners made, and later on a procession, largely composed of women and boys, went off with a red flag to demand the release of the prisoners. Cavalry might have dispersed them peaceably, but none were available; but they were stopped by infantry, whom they stoned. Then the soldiers fired—it is said without due warning—and thirteen were killed and twenty wounded; mostly, of course, women, girls, boys, and innocent passers-by. The bloodshed is said to have been checked by the appearance of the parish priest.

There was an exciting debate on these events in the Chamber on Monday, at which the conduct of the Government and its officials was violently attacked by the Radicals and Boulangists, and some members of the Extreme Right, including the Comte de Mun. An inquiry was refused by 366 to 172, and a vote of confidence passed by 371 to 48. The fact is an inquiry would have involved the troops, and for this the Right were not prepared. The vote is a new proof of the stability of the Republican Government. In the last years of the Empire such a conflict between the troops and the people would have produced the wildest excitement everywhere: now an inquiry is rejected by more than two to one. A further proof was given by two bye-elections on Sunday. The "Con-

servative Republican," or converted Monarchist, the Vicomte Foy, was defeated by a Republican of the regular type at the second ballot in the Indre et Loire; while in the Indre, also at the second ballot, a Republican replaced a deceased Reactionist. M. Goblet was elected Senator for the Seine on Sunday, despite Opportunist opposition. In the tariff debate the last three great speeches have been delivered by free traders—M. Lockroy (on Tuesday and Thursday of last week), M. Aymard, deputy for Lyons, and M. Charles Roux, deputy for Marseilles. The latter showed how the new tariff would ruin French trade with every country in the Mediterranean, and therefore French prestige in the East. General Boulanger has taken a magnificent house at Brussels for three years, and proposes to devote himself to society, to drive a four-in-hand, and abandon politics. He is a candidate for membership at the Brussels Coaching Club. The census shows that Paris has now a population of 2,260,945, a number little in excess of that of 1881, and less by 162,000 than that of 1886.

The vote of confidence in the Italian Government, passed *à propos* of the riot at Rome on Monday, by 235 to 113, may possibly lead to a reconstitution of parties on normal lines. The extreme Left and Signor Crispi's supporters formed the minority; the majority was largely composed of the old Right. Signor Crispi himself is ill, and absent, and it is for this reason that he did not speak against the abolition of *scrutin de liste*. The discussion on Africa ended for the present on Wednesday. A motion in favour of evacuation was rejected, and one approved by the Government was carried by 195 to 35.

As was expected, Prince Bismarck has been elected to the Reichstag for the Geestemünde division, by 10,544 to 5,486 given for his Socialist antagonist; nearly half the constituency, therefore, abstained at the second ballot. He will not take his seat till October, because, it is stated, his wife is seriously ill; but, as the session will probably close next week, it would hardly be worth his while. His election almost coincides with the definite signature, last Sunday, of that Austro-German commercial treaty to which he so strongly objects, and which is to be followed by a treaty between Austria and Switzerland, negotiations for which will commence in a fortnight, as also with Spain, Roumania, and Serbia. Other attacks on Austria, attributed to him, have received a severe official rebuke in the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*. The Emperor, who is visiting the Rhine Province, has attracted some attention by his speech at Düsseldorf, declaring that, so far as it is in his power, he will preserve peace in Europe, indicating that (contrary to what some people had expected) he will not interfere in the Westphalian labour troubles—and, according to one unauthorised report, saying, "There is only one master in this country, myself." The Prussian Income Tax Bill has passed, the tax on incomes over 100,000 marks, reduced to 3 per cent. by the Upper House, having been again fixed at 4 per cent. by the Lower.

Next to the troubles arising out of the labour movements, the most striking fact of the week is the postponement of the new Russian loan by the Paris syndicate engaged in bringing it out, including the Jewish houses of Rothschild and Bleichröder. Whatever its motive, this action has at least stopped the process of expulsion. Moreover, the disturbance produced in internal trade will at least do something to punish the oppressors. A students' demonstration of a very harmless kind in St. Petersburg, at the funeral of Professor Schelgounow last week, has led to numerous expulsions from the high schools of the capital, presumably because the deceased Professor was a political economist believed to hold Liberal opinions.

The centenary of the Polish Constitution of May 3rd, 1791, the constitution in the construction of which Rousseau was invited to help, and which, at least on paper, was one of the best products of eighteenth-century Liberalism, was celebrated on Sunday in most of the cities of Galicia, particularly Lemberg and Cracow. No doubt the importance of

the Poles as the nucleus of the Government majority in the Austrian Reichsrath had a good deal to do with the way in which the celebration was carried out. In Russian Poland the day was marked only by numerous arrests.

Anti-Semitism seems to have spread to Greece. The mediæval myth about the use made of the blood of Christian children at the Passover was revived a fortnight ago at Corfu—*à propos* of the disappearance of a child, who turned out to be a Jewess after all—and now we hear of the Greeks of Zante pillaging Jewish shops, and being forcibly repressed by the Greek Government.

From the report of the New Orleans Grand Jury, published on Thursday, it appears that the bribers of the jury which acquitted the prisoners are to be indicted, but that the leaders of the mob which lynched the prisoners are not, so that the difficulty enters on a new phase. We shall now see how far the Federal Government has constitutional powers to meet it.

It is at last announced that both parties in Chili desire mediation, and have applied for that purpose to Brazil, the United States, and France. The latter country, at any rate, is ready to give a favourable reply. But each party declares that the other is exhausted, and the Parliamentarians are said to have made demands which are certain to be refused. A consignment of war material to them from California has been seized by order of the United States Government. Foreign capitalists, American or English, are reported—but, apparently, without good grounds—to be keeping up the war as holders of rival concessions granted by the Presidential and the Parliamentary party respectively.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S ELECTION.

BISMARCK has triumphed at the polls, and is now, for the first time since the founding of the German Empire, *elected* to office.

His opponent was a nameless Socialist, it is true; and it took two elections before his victory was assured; but it is nevertheless a victory. Perhaps he regards it somewhat as Napoleon did his of 1813, when the Prussians retired before him so successfully that he was forced to admit, "A few more such triumphs and I am ruined." Bismarck is in; but he did not receive a majority of all votes cast.

The law governing elections in Germany reads as if conceived in the most liberal spirit. It is a most ample guarantee of popular liberty, provided the Government of the day refrains from exercising undue influence through the host of officials it has at command. Their number has never been accurately ascertained for publication, but I venture to think that it cannot fall far short of five millions, or nearly one-tenth of the whole population. The first Minister of the Crown who dared to publicly assert that Government officials might properly exert an influence upon electors was a creature of Bismarck's, the notorious Puttkammer, who in the Reichstag, in 1881, 1882, and the Prussian Diet in 1883, publicly said that for public servants to agitate against the Government at election time was very wicked indeed, but that it was quite another thing when they were agitating for Government candidates against the Opposition. The fact that Bismarck did not in those days rebuke his Minister for using language of this nature gave great offence to the Opposition, and even to men of his own party who were capable of seeing that the precedent permitted in 1883 might be at a later day turned against themselves. It is not necessary to remind the reader of the one act that makes the short reign of Frederick III. memorable in the constitutional history of Germany. He dismissed Puttkammer from office, and made it distinctly understood that public servants were to be impartial. Bismarck in his election reaped the benefit of this

act of justice. Had Caprivi treated him as he treated his enemies, it is to be suspected that the name of Bismarck would never again have been seen on the Parliamentary rolls of his country.

The German Reichstag has one member to every 100,000 inhabitants—at least, that is the law; but as no new apportionment has been made since the first session in 1871, the number is not as great as it should be. Berlin, for instance, has only six members at present, when by a correct distribution it should have more than twice that number; and the country at large returns only 397, whereas 468 is the number it is entitled to on a basis of actual population (48 millions). The Government has shown no particular desire to make such a proper apportionment, influenced perhaps by the fact that since the adoption of the constitution (March, 1871) the increase in population has been most manifest in towns, where the elections are largely victories for the Opposition. This has been the rule under Bismarck, but it does not follow that it will obtain under his successor.

Every German of good reputation is entitled to vote when he is twenty-five years old. Soldiers are, however, forbidden while actually with the colours. Four weeks before election day lists of voters are posted in public places, giving in alphabetical order the names, ages, occupation, and residence of those entitled to vote at the coming election. Such as have any objections to make to this list must present them within a week of publication; all disputes under this head must be disposed of a week before election. Everything, so far, is calculated to produce a fair expression of popular sentiment, for up to this point the utmost publicity is desirable. The power to hold meetings for political purposes is also granted to all such as give the assurance that the particular meeting to be held has a direct bearing upon the election. But, of course, permission must be secured beforehand, a room must be hired, and the meeting must submit to police supervision as at other times. By means of this law a Puttkammer-Bismarck Administration has been able to do a great deal of persecution under the forms of law.

First, by making it difficult to secure a hall; secondly, by finding a police excuse for interrupting the meeting.

Bismarck appears to have suffered no inconvenience during his own election, and for this he should be grateful that Puttkammer preceded him out of office.

There are usually more than two candidates in the field, often four or five. The leading one, as in Bismarck's case, may have more votes than any other one, but not as many as any two. In such a case the two leading ones ignore all the rest, and have a new election. In the General Election of 1890, 149 elections had to be made a second time. This method is not quite satisfactory, and the Liberals have sought to alter it; but in the past Bismarck has found it very convenient, because, while he frequently found his supporters in a minority as against the sum total of votes cast, he usually managed to get, through Government pressure, just votes enough to beat any single candidate, ensure a second election, and hold his own there. As Germany grows older in popular government, and politicians learn to subordinate their private passions to the general welfare, the many Parliamentary factions that now surprise the stranger will grow less and less, until an election will represent but two sides to one question. It seems hardly credible that to-day thirteen Parliamentary factions are officially registered in Germany.

Voting commences at ten o'clock in the morning and ends at six, and, with the exception that in America the polls open at sunrise, the systems in vogue in the two countries are almost identical. The voter casts his slip of paper, on which is written or printed the candidate's name, not directly, but by handing it to an official, who drops it unopened into the urn. Before allowing the vote to drop, the name

of the voter is compared with the list of voters in his hand, in order to prevent any but a regularly enrolled voter casting a vote. Secrecy is guaranteed by the constitution, but is not in practice; nor is it in the United States. Both countries are seeking to introduce the better system in vogue here and in Australia, because they find that under the old way room is left for employers to intimidate their hands; and in Germany the Government is able, when desirous, to note how each individual votes. The present Government shows no disposition to revive the political methods of Bismarck, but another might. To be sure, at present the voter may write the candidate's name on a slip of paper; no one need see him do this; no one therefore can be supposed to know what is on that paper. The official who drops it into the urn does not see the name, and in the case of an independent man no further guarantee is needed. But supposing that you are the day-labourer of a man who contracts for Government supplies. Suppose such a man notifies his hands that he will employ only such as vote his ticket! Are there no ways in which he can force his men? He has only to provide each of his men with a voting paper on which *his* candidate is inscribed; he can then have his men vote in squads, each squad being watched to see that no paper is voted but the particular one prepared by the officious boss. Nothing could be simpler; and it is done wherever the American system prevails, and wherever one man is dependent upon another for his daily bread.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

LITERARY ESSAYS OF SCHOPENHAUER.

THE fourth volume of the Schopenhauer series, issued by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein, bears the title of "The Art of Literature." It consists of passages from the "Parerga und Paralipomena," selected and arranged by the translator, Mr. Bailey Saunders. The translator is responsible for the title, and justifies—as he can easily do—the meaning which he here assigns to the word "literature." But, if we found fault with the title at all, it would be because it is too pretentious. For more is implied by such a title than is to be discovered in this volume. We even prefer the cumbersome modesty of the original from which these essays are taken. The translation is in good readable English, and Mr. Saunders has written a most interesting preface to it. The subject should appeal to a wide circle: for an interest in literature is almost as common as a contempt for philosophy among those who are ignorant of both.

"The intelligent reader," says Mr. Saunders, "will observe that much of the charm of Schopenhauer's writing comes from its strongly personal character." This is the case; and the perplexing and paradoxical temperament of Schopenhauer is peculiarly interesting. Restless and irritable, he worshipped rest and tranquillity. The Buddha in bronze stood in one corner of his study, calm and passionless: and its worshipper could not even refrain from using personal violence to an old woman who irritated him. He preached asceticism: he practised sensuality. He had the greatest qualities and the smallest, the mind of genius and the vanity of a spoiled child. He was fated to contrarieties; in his circumstances, as in his temperament, destiny seems to have amused itself with Schopenhauer from beginning to end. It was his father's wish that the son should be born in England: he was born at Dantzic. For Christian theology he had only contempt: the Evangelical service was read over his grave.

Schopenhauer was very scornful of those who interest themselves more in the life of the writer than in the writings. He supports his view by an argument from analogy even more futile than such arguments usually are. It is given in the essay "On Genius" in this volume:—

"To read a philosopher's biography, instead of studying his thoughts, is like neglecting a picture and attending only to the style of its frame."

It is, of course, like nothing of the kind. It is like neglecting a picture and being interested in the artist as a man. One can understand that Schopenhauer was reluctant to have his life and his philosophy compared, though from other motives than those which led Thackeray, ineffectually, to plead for "none of this nonsense about me after my death." Here, as elsewhere, we may believe that Schopenhauer allowed his own individual case to colour his views. He is always doing this. He points out the dishonesty of using for a book a title similar to one which has already been used. Yet it is not always easy to secure widely dissimilar titles for books on the same subject; and the similarity is often due to want of care rather than want of honesty. Why is Schopenhauer so severe? The example which follows explains it: "For instance, after I had produced my treatise 'On Will in Nature,' Oersted wrote a book entitled 'On Mind in Nature.'" In another place he writes:—

"Intellectual superiority is everywhere and under all circumstances the most hateful thing in the world, and especially to bunglers in the same line of work, who want to pass for something themselves."

Is this opinion the result, as it implies, of peculiarly wide and general observation? No; there is a footnote—a delightfully spiteful footnote—to limit the value of the opinion: "If the professors of philosophy should chance to think that I am here hinting at them and the tactics which they have for more than thirty years pursued toward my works, they have hit the right nail upon the head." His scorn of Fichte and of University professors breaks out everywhere. At one point the translator is quite unable to stand it any longer, and omits one of the attacks on Hegel. The essay "On Reputation" is full of instances in which it is possible to see the personal element as the cause of the opinion expressed. And, indeed, in this matter of reputation Schopenhauer was not well treated; he has his reward in his growing popularity at the present time in Germany and, through this series of translations, in England; it would have pleased him if he could have lived to see it.

His literary views are maintained always with courage and conviction. He pleads for clearness and directness; he himself—as far as one can judge from a translation—has them. Some subjects on which he touches are still debated points. He believes that authors should not be paid for their work. Count Tolstoi would support this view. "To receive money for literary work is not becoming. It should not be. One should organise one's life in such a way as not to sell one's writings," said Count Tolstoi. On the other hand, Mr. Besant would probably advise us not only to take money for our writing, but to take as much as we can possibly get. And one pillar of the Church, a little time ago, having received from his publishers £2,000 more for a work than his contract price, bewailed piteously that he had not received more still. Perhaps in these things there is a mean. One cannot write with one's eye on the cheque-book; neither is it always easy to "organise one's life in such a way" as to give to somebody else the fruit of your own work for no reason whatever.

It is interesting to note Schopenhauer's opinion of anonymity, which he styles "that shield of all literary rascality." "It was introduced under the pretext of protecting the honest critic, who warned the public, against the resentment of the author and his friends." Under the same pretext, which is by no means a bad one, anonymity still prevails. The whole question was discussed more than a year ago in the pages of *The New Review*, and it still provides a convenient essay-subject for those that examine in English composition. It has grown too old for discussion. But in these days, when classics are derided and Cambridge is threatened with the pollution of agriculture, it is well worth while to quote

Schopenhauer's prophecy in the essay "On the Study of Latin": "If the threatened calamity should ever come, and the ancient languages cease to be taught, a new literature will arise, of such barbarous, shallow, and worthless stuff as never was seen before."

Schopenhauer was not fond of the mob nor of the clique; he was bitter about superficialists, and equally bitter about specialists; but he was not devoid of affection: "If anyone wishes for entertainment, such as will prevent him feeling solitary even when he is alone, let me recommend the company of dogs, whose moral and intellectual qualities may always afford delight and gratification." It was partly the fault of the men that he liked his pet poodles so much better. Amid so much that is brilliantly virulent in this little book, one is glad to notice his love for something. "There are," he writes in another place, "two ways of behaving in regard to merit: either to have some of one's own, or to refuse any to others." Schopenhauer did both.

VISIONS AT CHELSEA.

INEVITABLE blundering on the part of Committee-men notwithstanding, the Royal Naval Exhibition at Chelsea promises to be a brilliant success. To stroll through those grounds last Saturday morning when a loyal mob was braving the elements in order to catch a glimpse of the Prince and Princess was to enjoy a hundred delightful shocks of memory, bringing back to one's mind as many experiences and traditions of the past. Whatever may be the case with the average Englishman who flinches from the Channel passage, there are still a goodly number of persons within these islands who love the sea, and who delight in those who go down to it in ships. For all such this new Exhibition at Chelsea must be a delight and a comfort, conjuring up as it does in the midst of the prosaic streets of London visions innumerable of storm and battle and tempest, of summer days on distant seas, of long journeyings happily ended in the desired haven, of heroic deeds worthily done in that long vista of the past which a visit to the Chelsea grounds opens to the least imaginative eye. Let every man use his own eyes at this Royal Naval Exhibition. It will be strange, indeed, if he does not see something seen by none other; for fancy and memory must needs colour the vision, and personal experience give distinct form to ideas that would otherwise be indefinite. Here we propose briefly to set down the first rough notes of one man's experiences at Chelsea last Saturday.

It was with something like a shock of surprise that he caught sight of the Eddystone, towering above the Exhibition grounds. Yes; there it was, just as he had seen it last, save that no crested waves were beating against its base. How strange to recall the day when with a hundred comrades he last looked eagerly for the first glimpse of that slender tower, knowing that the sight of it meant port after storm, home after exile! To scores of thousands of men and women now in these islands the light of the Eddystone has been the most welcome sight their eyes ever beheld. None but those who have travelled far and long can quite appreciate all that the first peep of that outpost of England means to the returning sailor; but, seeing it in the Chelsea grounds to-day brings to the heart a comforting sense of homeliness, of ease, of security. As the great ship passes the lonely sentinel the roar of the storm seems to die away—the unending waste of water behind one passes out of sight and out of memory; there are white cliffs and green fields and pleasant lanes ahead, and, better than all, old faces and the old love. It was worth coming to Chelsea to-day if only to have these memories and sensations of the past revived.

And here, hard by, is the pavilion of the "P. & O.," with chairman Sir Thomas Sutherland doing

the honours of the show to a friend, whilst two gaily clad Lascars make reverential obeisance to their master. A brave show it is, this of the P. & O. Company. Here are the models of some of the finest vessels which have yet crossed the Bay of Biscay; and it is with delight that one sees the very ship in which one last adventured on that eastward journey, can even detect the "port" which lighted one's little cabin. Presto! The magic carpet has done its work again. Chelsea Hospital and the Eddystone and the prince-worshipping crowd have passed out of sight, and a stately vessel is speeding under a summer sky on its appointed path. It is night, but the stars shine with a strange brilliancy, which shames our English firmament, and every wave as it leaps against the side of the mighty ship breaks into cascades of gleaming silver light. Under the awning, where the electric lamps are burning brightly, a great company of men and women are gathered—some reclining on deck chairs, some walking in couples up and down the long pathway of the hurricane deck, some smoking in silence, some talking, laughing, flirting. The sound of music mingles with the murmur of many voices and the lapping of the sea against the ship. We are in a little world of our own, cut off from our fellow-men by miles of water, by long days of voyaging. Yet, but for the slight roll of the ship and the ever-changing sea which spreads around us, we have nothing to remind us that we are not holiday-making in some vast hotel. Let us pause for a moment to thank the good engines, whose never-ceasing throb ticks off the passage of the days, which are to speed us, come storm come shine, on our voyage from West to East, the voyage which was once the affair of a life-time, and is to-day but as a summer's pleasure-trip. Let us thank the seamen, skilled and brave, in whose hands we are, and under whose guidance the great ship passes from port to port with unerring aim. It is the sight of the model of the *Oceana*, and a peep into one of the actual sleeping cabins which have been put up in the P. & O. pavilion at Chelsea to let the land-staying multitude know how the traveller by sea fares in these later luxurious times, that have conjured up before one that vision of the company on board a great passenger ship in mid-ocean, in the very witching time 'twixt dinner and bed, when hearts are opened most freely, and voices sound most sweetly, and the smiles of the fair are brightest.

So every man who has had any experience of ships and shipping will have his own peculiar visions as he walks through the maze at Chelsea. What a story, for instance, could be told by that battered North Sea trawler, which, after facing a hundred winter storms on the Dogger, has come to end its days in this waste of gravel. This is no mere model like the marvellous reproduction of the *Victory*, which is of necessity the chief attraction of the show; it is the actual ship whose strained timbers and soiled canvas have been at the mercy of wind and sea on many a long night of winter, whilst her brave crew were gathering in the spoils of the deep. There is more real pathos in this poor little trawler, with its air of intense reality, than there is even in the famous reproduction of the historic cockpit in which the nation's favourite hero lies a-dying. But, happily, reality is the key-note of this delightful Exhibition throughout. Turn, for instance, into one of the galleries, and look at those Arctic relics. There is the sledge—no cunningly devised copy, but the very sledge itself—in which Markham made his "farthest north." It has been nearer to the North Pole than any other work of man's hand, and it has come back from its wondrous journey to point a moral here at Chelsea. Hard by are other relics a hundredfold more pathetic in the supreme reality of their interest—a rusty knife, a broken sextant, a stained and scarcely legible sheet half-printed, half-written, a gun, a watch, the leaf of a prayer-book—all that remains of that great expedition which fared forth nearly fifty years ago to find the north-west

passage, and which came back no more. What years of ardent toil amid constant perils were spent in the recovery of these poor relics of the dead! How many brave young lives were spent in the task; and how nobly did that era of "Arctic search" strengthen and stimulate our English Navy! In those bygone days—between the fifties and sixties—when as yet the secret of Franklin's fate remained unsolved, there were thousands of generous young hearts in England that could find no rest until the truth had been made known. The long peace—not yet broken by the cannon on the banks of the Alma—had unnerved our English hearts of oak—so the pessimists assured us. But the brave deeds of Collinson and Belcher, of Kennedy and McClure, and a hundred others in the frozen seas of the Pole, gave the lie to the slander, and enabled the country to face war when it came in the full knowledge that the Navy of Britain still remembered Nelson's signal. Nelson! But there is more to be said of him, and of the precious relics of his heroic victories and noble death which are to be seen at Chelsea, than can be hinted at now. Nor does space avail here to speak of the hundred other tokens and models and pictures, each having a history of its own, and each a special interest for the man who loves the sea and is proud of our old English mastery of it, which are gathered together inside these walls. Time and the occasion serving, we must come again.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

XXXIX.—ROOM No. 40.

SUCH is the nature of the Rambler that he must see all things once, even things in themselves shady, and thus it came about that one afternoon lately he intruded upon a meeting of journalists. Once a week they meet their editor in an hotel, not easily found, there to discuss the coming issue of their paper (or, as some of them seem to think, to smoke); and the room in which they congregate is No. 40, whose entrance is by a dark passage, so that journalists may slip in unobserved, and the respectable frequenters of the house be none the wiser.

The Rambler, feeling that his profession brought him now and then into low company, groped for the door of No. 40, and, entering, found himself in the presence of some eight or ten, of whom first the editor. In various ways is an editor to be distinguished from his staff, who never speak ill of him before his face; as thus, he sits in the chair with arms, he only is of a pleasant circumference, his cigar lords it over their pipes, he is of the brazen age which is not ashamed of being a newspaper man, while they (to do them justice) only acknowledge their calling within closed doors. The chief duty of the editor in No. 40 is to see that his contributors do not think for a moment that they are to be permitted to write on the subjects they want to write on, to keep the peace between them, and to pay the bill.

When not whispering to each other what they would do if they edited the paper, the members of the staff have a distinct individuality. There is, for instance, the right-hand man, who, if he edited the paper, would begin a series of withering articles on fresh air. His theory is that fresh air has been tried and found a failure. He would keep it out of his house by an arrangement of windows that refused to open; he does keep it out of his throat by an arrangement of cravats. Often one wonders why So-and-So is a Liberal, and Such-an-Other a Tory; but the right-hand man left the Tories because they met in the open air, and he has been doubtful of Liberalism ever since he found a ventilator. Naturally gentle, witty, and good-natured, he has been soured by a lurking fear at all times (but especially in the night) that someone has left a skylight open; and he disbelieves in the future of journalism because the

pages of newspapers are becoming smaller and more numerous, and hence more draughty to those who have to turn them over. The editor, whom he hates (naturally), says that the right-hand man will never find salvation until he is in a box with the lid screwed down.

Were it not for Ibsen, the right-hand man and the dramatic critic would love each other; but the dramatic critic will speak of Ibsen, and then, of course, somebody has to open a window. Between these two sits (at a sign from the editor, who will have no brawling in No. 40) Mr. Anon, a man of a nature so sweet and lovable that he will write of it himself. By the dramatic critic, Mr. Anon, whose pet aversion is tobacco, has been dubbed the "heavy man" (a term of the stage), because free trade and the labour question are his subjects, and on these he will talk with passionate interest, though perhaps at too great length. He despises the drama and those who write about it (thus crowding out an article on *The Relation of the Census to Free Libraries*), yet is he polite to the dramatic critic (and, indeed, to all) and desirous of hearing what he is to say on Saturday about that new play. But the dramatic critic will not give his views away (hence an irritating man). He smiles mysteriously instead, and begins, "I consider Ibsen—" when up goes the window, and the right-hand man cries fiercely, "Ibsen! He is like a breath of fresh air!"

At the foot of the table sits the Coming Man, who wants to tell you that he does not think much of his last article. He is full of schemes and plots for new stories, and the editor, who takes a delight in bringing people back to earth, annoys him by breaking into such a confidence as "I have invented the most exquisite heroine," with "Granta, you had better do the demonstration in Hyde Park." On Granta's right is one whose interest is more in heroes (O wasteful man!) than in heroines, for with their help he would reform the world by giving it a good shake, and his editor won't let him. To the meeting in No. 40 comes Beauchamp, the enthusiast, trying not to look enthusiastic, lest he should arouse the editor's suspicions; and this time he feels that all must be well. But the editor talks of "prudence," a hateful word at which all his staff fling up their proud heads.

The Rambler notes a novelist in the group—notes him with pain, for what does fiction (one of the semi-reputable callings, and almost a profession) among the journalists? Yet, as here he is (requesting the Rambler not to print his name), let it be allowed that he cares not for politics (having failed to get anyone to join his party), and cannot understand why space should be given to *Free Education*, the *Masses*, Mr. Gladstone, Bismarck's *New Move*, the *Manipur Affair* (which he takes to be a railway accident), when such gallant subjects call for notice as *The Third Volume*, *Artistic Prefaces*, *The Conventional Novelist's Womenkind*, and the *Unhappy Ending*. Against him, too, the editor has a spite. Last come two who sit together, because the one loves to break the monotony with a jest and the other hates jest.

The Rambler remained to the end, because he longed to listen to what was said after the editor had left. He saw Mr. Anon take the chair and request the company to say how they would conduct the paper in the event of the editor's being run over on his way home. (Cheers.) The dramatic critic proposed an Ibsen number, and the novelist six papers on the fiction of the year in place of the political articles, and Beauchamp asked them to leave the matter to him, and the right-hand man wanted a symposium on windows. Anon was told off to do the editor's obituary, "with feeling, and letting by-gones be by-gones." But of other remarks made the Rambler will make no mention, lest the editor be a reader of *THE SPEAKER*. When the end came he let them slip out of the hotel unostentatiously, and then made his own exit alone, lest the public had its eye on the door.

THE NEW GALLERY.

IN comparison with the number hung, there are as many good pictures in the New Gallery as in the Academy. What '84 did for champagne '91 seems to have done for art. We meet everywhere work of artistic interest; good drawing and good painting abound; and nothing is wanting except sign of the formation of a school. But unfortunately no such sign can yet be discerned—everyone paints according to his latest fancy; as many different styles as there are individualities. Still it may be said that the French method of painting acquired in the last twenty years is being assimilated, is being Englished. The entire nation has now been inoculated with the virus; those who have not been to Paris have caught it in an attenuated form; and it is satisfactory to notice that the unfortunate ones who have spent their youth at Durant's and Julien's are now ashamed of their greasy French skins, and are trying to slough them. English painting is clearly in ascension; the first glance tells me this, and the second that the pictures I must begin my criticism with are nowise interesting. I find little to say about the Hon. John Collier's portrait of Miss Nina Welby; nor am I moved to speak long on the subject of Mr. C. Perugini's portrait of Miss Helen Lindsay. The first is just such a piece of work as any student at the Beaux-Arts might have accomplished; the second is just such a piece of work as might have been done in Deck's china manufactory. But No. 7 is a charming little water-colour. I turn over the leaf, and find it is by Mr. Philip Burne-Jones. It detains me, though it is no more than the silhouette of a village upon an evening sky—the most commonplace subject in the world; and yet the picture is not commonplace. The scene is painted in warm greys, and the reflections in the water are not tawdry; their colour and their value come well into the scheme of the picture. But, just as literary critics take a malicious pleasure in pointing out the slips that the author has let pass him in the proofs, I will say that the picture would have been none the worse if Mr. Philip Burne-Jones had taken the trouble to put the roofs of his village into proper perspective. No. 9, "The Nixie's Foundling," by G. F. Watts, R.A. This is the work of an old man, a superb old man in whom linger some of the splendours of the past. But that face, how feebly seen, and how the hand hesitated! The colour still betrays an eye admirably trained, and in the concentration of the light on the girl's thin shoulders we read the last words of a consummate education. No. 30 is one of Mr. Broughton's most charming pictures. The picture is equally divided by the salt sea marsh and the soft illumined sky, in which the day is dying. The dim silhouette of the little coast-town is in its place, and in contrast to it there is the precise line of the coast. This is what the painter saw, and this is what he has rendered, but when the sky is half the picture, the sky must lift us and must move us. And the sage-green marshes, are they not wanting in vigour? *Un peu mièvre, n'est pas?* Still, the picture is the work of an artist, and of an artist who is content to be himself.

No. 34, "Spousa de Libano," by Mr. E. Burne-Jones. Mr. Burne-Jones's pictures awaken in me no sensation whatever; they merely remind me that Rossetti is dead. So long as Rossetti lived, plenty of crumbs could be gathered from his table; since his death the gleanings grow scantier and scantier. Mr. Jones's efforts are, I admit, indefatigable, but it seems doubtful if he will be able to collect any more. I really do not know which picture is the worse of the two, and I am unable to imagine that anyone could find pleasure in the tediously drawn women who whirl about in green scarves in the "Spousa de Libano." The other picture is called the "Star of Bethlehem," and it consists of a number of figures in long blue garments, standing all in a row. To talk of chiaroscuro, aerial perspective,

values, would be absurd, for no such preoccupations come in, in the painter's æstheticism. I will admit that without one of these qualities a picture may be a great work of art. But in abandoning these qualities the painter will rely on drawing, on drama, on a fantastic palette. Now in Rossetti's picture of the "Annunciation," I find these qualities; but I examine this great blue picture from end to end and fail to find drama in the grouping or spiritual drama in the intense drawing of a face. Nor is there any of the sweet enveloping line which Ingres would have sought. I encounter the same sterility no matter from what side I look. This picture is conventional as a piece of tapestry, and it has none of the mysterious beauty of tapestry.

No. 39, "Seasons of Mist and Yellow Fruitfulness," by Mr. David Murray. Mr. David Murray's painting reminds me of Mr. Walter Besant's novels; I find in both the same facility, the same kind of knowledge, and the same commonplace. In No. 39 he has attempted an autumn evening. The tops of the sheaves have been rubbed over with red; the bouquet of trees has been twiddled about with a view to getting some "go" into the picture; the distance has been drowned in blue; and a crescent moon has been placed above the flush of the sunset. From this description it will be seen that nothing has been omitted that the Philistine deems poetry.

No. 56 is a portrait of a young girl, by Mr. John Sargent, in voluminous white garments drawn about her knees, her white foot just showing. She sits on an oak bench beneath an oak wainscoting rising high above her. The portrait is impressive; the solemnity aimed at has been attained. She sits like a sphinx watching you. The massing of the purple shadows is a piece of painting beyond praise, beyond price. But in the face tone after tone are laid side by side unblended, like mosaics. It is very wonderful; but when we have done with wonderment and examine the face, does it not seem like an abridgment, an abridgment masterly made, but an abridgment after all? Do those eyes turn round in many delicate sinuosities, or are they summarily indicated and left à fleur de peau? Is there any natural depth of complexion in that girl's white face, or is it chalky and wanting in the mobility of flesh? Has it the consistency of flesh, or is it hollow, crude and summary? Does not the fair brown hair that hangs about it strike you as being more like tow than hair could be? and while painting it was not the eye wearied, preoccupied with other things? does it not seem like the work of a facile hand doing what it knows how to do, but what the painter is not very much interested in?

It must, however, be admitted that the hands are drawn and painted with infinite skill. How soft and supple they are! Mr. Sargent has resisted the temptation to bring them down in tone so that they might make part of the white harmony. The first and only principle of his art seems to be never to reduce a tone. He is a man of mood; his pictures are always painted *au premier coup*. If his work does not come right he paints it over again, seeing it quite differently. His moods are various, but in them all he is guided only by his eye; in him thinking and seeing are one. In a word, he is a magnificent *improvisatore* without a method.

On my second visit to the Academy, I noticed an excellent piece of landscape—a piece of tilled land lying under a low grey sky. On referring to the catalogue, I found that it was painted by a man whose name was entirely unknown to me, Mr. Raphael Jones. And now my eyes are drawn by a picture of a Kentish valley. Above the woodcutters, on the right, the wood is filling with the blue evening, and the shadow of the gathering clouds falls on the opposite hill, laying on the pasture a tone of severe green. A stream or two flashes here and there a silver thread in the dark hollow. On referring to the catalogue, I find that this picture is also by Mr. Raphael Jones. It pleases me more than his Academy picture. That the painter has not yet

attained a style of his own prejudices me in his favour. He is at present concerned merely to paint well. The painter has found his register, and fixed the elements of his coloration. The values are finely observed, and rendered with ease. Strangely enough, the sky is the weak point of both pictures. In value they are well enough; but the manner in both is shockingly tricky. The sky in "The Woodcutters" looks as if it had been painted by Sir Frederick Leighton, and the trees growing blue in the mist are untrue; they are like lead. I am aware of all that is deficient in the picture, but I think that there are compensations. Where else in the exhibition will you find a field drawn like that? How completely the character of the rough ground is rendered; how the ground bends and turns, and how each bend and turn is folded in its atmosphere! And in both pictures, especially the "Woodcutters," there is *une atmosphère de tableau*. In other words, everything is not painted in clear tints; the picture is not like a sheet of Japanese paper; but to say more would be to raise the entire question of *le plein air*. And because Mr. Raphael Jones has escaped this, the very curse of modern art, I am interested in him, and the English eighteenth-century air which shows through the French method secures my sympathy. He is a young man—that I gather from certain unmistakable signs—and if his talent endures he may take a place that has long been vacant among landscape painters.

No. 50 is a portrait by Mr. Orchardson. It reminds me of a well-written leading article in one of the daily papers. No. 136 is a portrait sketch by Mr. Orchardson, and it seems to me shallow, and wanting in accent, and the mannerism is beginning to bore me. The study of another Orchardson would be an infliction. He exhibits four pictures in the Academy and two in the New Gallery. No. 145, "Flood," by J. T. Nettlehip, is a large composition representing a lioness carried away on a floating tree. She protects her cub from two eagles. The poise of the birds and the magnificence of the wings, aflame in the sunset, are finely rendered. We hear the rush and tumult of the waters. No. 161, "Cupid and Psyche," by Mrs. Swynerton—a curious mixture of academical drawing, *plus* Burne Jones, *plus* the realists. There is a good deal of force, and notwithstanding a certain hardness, it is not unpleasant. The faces are the best part of the picture. They are painted in bright colours, and the colour goes well with the darker red of the background. No. 167 is a very bad portrait indeed, by Mr. Hubert Herkomer. The young lady is like a coloured silhouette. It is impossible to imagine anything more empty or more vulgar. It has been said that those who fail, go to criticism; it might be added, or to teaching. Last year I noticed the work of Miss Reid in the Grosvenor. It seemed to me to show talent. I have now to record a great deal of progress in this young lady's work. No. 193, "Hush!" is a very clever picture indeed; it is full of simple feeling; the charm is like an emanation. The little kitchen is finely observed, and, strange to say, there is a sensation of sex in the rendering. It is woman's work. And up to the present women have failed to infuse into pictorial art any trace of their sex.

In the South Room I noticed a picture by Mr. Arthur Tomson which pleased me; and also a flower piece by Mr. Alfred Parsons—a large vase of poppies placed on a table, with a view of a garden seen through the window. A beautiful harmony has been attained, and nothing can exceed the delicacy of the observation of the petals; and the touch is flowing and sure, for the artist had learnt to say by long practice what a fortuitous moment inspired him to say. Mr. Watts's picture, "The Deluge," consists of a large mass of yellow paint, and about it some touches of grey and blue. The yellow sun, or whatever it may be, is the colour of the yolk of

an egg. Whatever our opinion of the picture may be, it is certainly wonderful that without the delineation of any object, without a value, without anything except a mass of colour, the artist should be able to affirm his personality; for, at a glance, the least initiated could affirm that it was Mr. Watts who had covered that canvas with paint.

G. M.

THE OPERA SEASON.

ALWAYS original, Mr. Augustus Harris has distinguished himself in connection with the present opera season by issuing no prospectus. But from what he has already done, one may form some idea as to what he proposes to do; and the representations hitherto given have for the most part been worthy of the reputation of the establishment under his direction. Now that the only two dramatic composers of the first rank have virtually ceased to write, the value of a work by an obsequious follower of Verdi, or a mere imitator of Gounod, is, with some show of reason, looked upon as problematical. A certain interest, however, has been aroused in a new opera by an Italian composer named Mascagni, whose music recalls the style of both the composers just named; and a full house may be expected the night *La Cavalleria Rusticana* is produced. Although not formally promised in any official document, it is quite understood that this new opera, though only in one act, and therefore difficult to place, will be given in the course of the present season. It has excited throughout Italy an enthusiasm difficult fully to explain except on the supposition that Italians are determined not to let the line of Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, and Verdi die out. Much of the success of the little work is due to the popularity of the poem on which it is founded—a view taken not only by Italian critics, but by Italian judges, who have condemned the publisher and proprietor of *La Cavalleria* to make over half the profits derived from publication and performance to the poet from whom the librettist and the composer had borrowed their characters and their plot. While more melodious than most productions of the modern school, *La Cavalleria* is thoroughly modern by the appropriateness of its music to every scene, if not every passage, of the piece, which is marked by a rapidity of action that leaves no time for reflection, and none, therefore, for the introduction of solo pieces in set form.

In addition to the prize opera of Mascagni (called into existence through a competition started by the well-known publisher Sonzogno), Mr. Harris is making arrangements for bringing out Verdi's *Otello*, which, played the year before last at the Lyceum, under the direction of Signor Lago, with Tamagno, Maurel, and a *prima donna* of no great merit or celebrity in the leading parts, has not since been heard in London. It is understood that Mr. Harris's cast will include M. Jean de Reszke, M. Maurel, and Madame Albani in the principal characters; which, on the whole, will be an improvement on all previous casts, including the one with which the opera was given on its original production at Milan more than three years ago. Maurel was then, as he will be now, the Iago of the performance. Tamagno, who as *Otello* possesses in a remarkable degree *le physique du rôle*, will be replaced by a tenor with more intelligence, but an inferior voice; which is especially noticeable when M. de Reszke sings Italian music. In Mme. Albani we shall have a Desdemona with whom it would be impossible to compare the Italian singers (for the most part of secondary rank) who have hitherto undertaken this part.

Lohengrin and *The Meistersingers*, thanks in a great measure to exceptionally strong casts, have for the last two years drawn to the Royal Italian Opera the best possible houses. *Tannhäuser*, with a

somewhat inferior distribution of parts, has proved less successful, but the power of Wagner is fully recognised by the management, and some intention is entertained of producing this season, or more probably during the season of next year, that division of the *Ring des Nibelungen* known as *Siegfried*. The *Valkyrie*, the most popular of the four divisions in Germany, had been thought of; but after due consideration, the piece, which depends so much on the principal female character, was set aside (doubtless in view of M. de Reszke) for the one in which the male character is all-important.

If no new, or even comparatively new, work has yet been produced, the Royal Italian Opera has witnessed the appearance of more than one new singer. Foremost among these has been Miss Eames, who has more than renewed in London the success she gained some two or three years ago, when, passing suddenly under the guidance of M. Gounod from the music-room to the stage, she at once charmed the Paris public by her natural, sympathetic, and, at the same time, very brilliant impersonation of Marguerite in her master's famous opera. The introduction of Miss Eames to the London public has, indeed, been the chief, and, so far as novelty is concerned, sole incident of the season. The male singers are perhaps, on the whole, more attractive at the Royal Italian Opera than the female; and it would be difficult to name three *prime donne* as popular as the two de Reszkes and Maurel. One of the three most admired vocalists in the *prima donna* department is undoubtedly Mlle. Giulia Ravogli, who, in Gluck's great opera, is quite incomparable; a fact which need not be forgotten if, in the half-character part of *Carmen*, which does not suit her temperament, she has proved less successful than in the tragic part of *Orfeo*.

It is notorious that of late years at the opera the diamonds in the audience department have attracted as much attention as the singing on the stage, which looks very much—too much—like a return to the good old times when the opera was above all things a place of fashionable resort. Whatever, moreover, may be said about the excellence of the company, the fact remains that for years past no new work has been produced; while now, as always in England, the success of a performance depends less on the merit of the opera than on the number of eminent names included in the cast. Thus *Tannhäuser*, with Madame Albani, M. Maurel, and a second-rate tenor, draws much smaller houses than *Lohengrin*, with Miss Eames, Mlle. Giulia Ravogli, M. Maurel, and M. Jean de Reszke in the principal characters.

Apart from the Italian Opera, musical pieces seem to succeed just now in proportion to their lightness; one might almost say their levity. In Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Ivanhoe* there is too much workmanship and too much art to please a public which demands in the first place to be amused. The same composer's lively and unpretentious *Gondoliers*, after a run of eighteen months, is still drawing good houses. But the most successful musical piece of the day is the half inane, half insane medley called *Joan of Arc*, which, though as a whole it well deserves the fate of the unhappy Maid of Orleans, is redeemed from vulgarity by the grace and charm of Miss Phyllis Broughton and from dullness by the humour of Mr. Arthur Roberts.

THE DRAMA.

A CERTAIN criticism of M. Francisque Sarcey's was declared by M. Jules Lemaitre to present "something of the austere charm of a fine page of algebra." Austere charming or not, algebraic symbols alone can cope with the plot of M. Alexandre Bisson's *Feu Toupinel*, now adapted for the Court Theatre by Mr. Fred. Horner, under the title of *The Late Lamented*. Let *a* (Mr. Arthur Cecil) and *b* (Mrs. John Wood) be one married couple; *c* (Mr. Allan Aynesworth) and *d* (Miss

Rosina Filippi) another. Then our first formula will be

$$\frac{a \times b}{c \times d} = \text{West End Mansions.}$$

That is to say, the two couples occupy flats one above the other. Now, denote the widow of the late Mr. Nicholson, of London and Cyprus, by *x*, and let

$$x = b = d,$$

or, in non-algebraical language, let the late Mr. Nicholson have been a bigamist, who has married *b* in London and *d* in Cyprus. Then introduce another quantity, *e*, an amorous major, who confides to his friend *a* that he used to flirt in Cyprus with *x* (while *x*'s husband was still alive). Thereupon, *a*, who only knows that

$$x = b,$$

i.e., that he has married Nicholson's widow, naturally assumes that *e* is referring to *b*, and straightway becomes frenzied with jealousy. But, of course, *e* had in his mind the other equation, viz.,

$$x = d,$$

for *e* is not aware of *b*'s existence. Hence two acts of wild confusion, followed by a third whose formula is

$$(a \times b) + (c \times d) = \text{An Evening Party.}$$

That is, the two married couples, coming together for a little music, find that each flat is adorned by a portrait of the late lamented Nicholson, and that gentleman's bigamous secret is revealed at last. These algebraical plots of M. Bisson's (he gave us just such another in *Les Surprises du Divorce*) are a little tiresome to follow by those of us who could never muster enough mathematics to get through "smalls;" but as *The Late Lamented* has been received with great favour at the Court, I can only suppose that there are more senior wranglers in play-going London than had been dreamt of in my philosophy. Perhaps, after all, it is not so much the mathematical intricacy of M. Bisson's piece which delights the audience so much as the capital all-round acting of the Court company. In fact, the formula for this is

$$a = b = c = d = e = \text{extremely droll.}$$

Can I say anything more complimentary than that? No; then, Q.E.D.

The pseudonymous authors of *The Anonymous Letter*, Messrs. "Mark Ambient" and "Frank Latimer," raise a question which seems to suggest one of those "hard cases" which Boswell was fond of putting to Johnson. There is, for instance, the famous one: "If, sir, you were shut up in a castle, and a new-born child with you, what would you do?" As a pendant to this one might imagine the question: "If, sir, you were the young bride of a rising dramatist, and you received an anonymous letter accusing your husband of infidelity with a popular burlesque actress, what would you do?" Johnson's answer to this conundrum would, no doubt, have been worth having; but, whatever its tenour, we may be sure it would not have been: "Immediately assume the contents of the letter to be true, and run away from home." This, however, is the foolish course adopted by the young bride of Messrs. Ambient and Latimer's imagining. The conduct of their rising playwright is, if possible, a shade more silly. For instead of consulting the nearest solicitor, or an expert in handwriting, he places the anonymous letter in the hands of the burlesque actress, surely the one person whom a prudent husband, in the circumstances, would be careful to avoid. But there is a special Providence which watches over stage imbeciles, and this incredible piece of folly, as it turns out, results in the detection of the anonymous accuser. She—is, of course, a she—is induced by the actress to make full confession in exchange for a document which (never mind exactly how) is to keep her husband

out of the Bankruptcy Court. This document plays an even more important part in the play than the anonymous letter of the title. For upon its possession depends the fortune not only of the letter-writer's husband, but of the blameless young stock-broker to whom the burlesque actress is betrothed, and two out of the three acts are concerned with the methods, first of Dalila-like stratagem and then of magnanimity, by which the actress manages to conjure it out of the hands of a millionaire admirer of hers (a replica—in wood—of the Baron in *L'Enfant Prodigue*), who is its original owner. The authors of *The Anonymous Letter* show a little, a very little, ingenuity in the conduct of their fable; but their personages are either nullities or caricatures. A comic interlude in their first act might, perhaps, have been amusing, if the same thing had not been done before in the scene between Graves and Lady Franklin in *Money*. The one redeeming feature of the performance was the racy humour of an old Scotch domestic, played by Miss Alexes Leighton. So true is it that on the stage—in defiance of Euclid—the part is often greater than the whole.

A subject "palpitating with actuality" (the phrase is currently reported to be English and of recent invention, but it was used at least fifty years ago by Théophile Gautier) is suggested by the title of a farce by Messrs. F. C. Philips and Percy Fendall, *Husband and Wife*; but the revolt of woman is really one of the oldest of dramatic topics. From the *Women in Parliament* of Aristophanes, down to *Domestic Economy* and *La Doctoresse*, the theatre has familiarised playgoers with the spectacle of a domestic topsyturvydom, in which the husband stays at home to mind the baby while the wife takes the latch-key and dines at her club. There is, however, one ingenious detail in their treatment of the old theme in which Messrs. Philips and Fendall have not, I think, been anticipated. Their respective sets of husbands and wives have banded themselves, by sexes, into rival clubs;

And thin partitions do their bounds divide,

for the two club-rooms (shown simultaneously, in a double scene) are contiguous apartments. Here the authors have devised an amusing antiphony, the dialogue alternating between the gentlemen who are carousing in one room and the ladies who are weeping and wailing in the other. When both clubs were "raided" by the police, on suspicion of illegal gambling, the fun reached its height, and there the farce should have ended. But farce-writers seldom know when to leave off, and the authors of *Husband and Wife* have made the mistake of adding a third act, which is as flabby and tedious as the two others are crisp and amusing. Perhaps, after all, the blame does not rest with Messrs. Philips and Fendall, but with some French playwright unknown to me; for the piece has every air of being a Bowdlerisation of a free-and-easy Gallic original.

A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

It would be interesting to know what member of the committee of the Royal Naval Exhibition is responsible for the press arrangements. To grumble about such arrangements is seldom wise or dignified; but it is the simple truth that in the case of no public exhibition held during the last thirty years has there been such gross mismanagement in the treatment of the press as there has been this year at Chelsea. The sapient persons who undertook to issue the invitations to the press seemingly regarded the exhibition as something too sacred for the public gaze; and accordingly, instead of trying to make it known through the medium of our newspapers, they adopted every possible device for excluding the critics and descriptive writers. If

the exhibition should, after all, prove a financial success, it will be in spite of this extraordinary misconception of the virtue of publicity, and of the relative positions of an exhibitor who wishes to attract the public, and of a journalist who can bring the public to the exhibition.

THE *World*, in a temperate and well-written article, takes us to task for the opinions recently expressed in these pages on the conduct of young DISRAELI in the affair of the *Representative*. Unfortunately the *World* has nothing to oppose to the account of the transaction which appears in MR. MURRAY'S *Correspondence* save a statement of its own that "things are not what they seem." True, DISRAELI solemnly undertook, along with his friend MR. POWLES, to find half the capital required for the *Representative*, and never carried out his engagement; but then, we are told, MURRAY "never expected any payment" from him. If this be so, it is a pity it was not stated in the story told by DR. SMILES. It is a pity, too, that it is not explained why DISRAELI suddenly disappeared from the undertaking, and why MR. MURRAY was so angry with him. That the latter subsequently forgave DISRAELI may be perfectly true, but it does not in the slightest degree affect the merits or demerits of DISRAELI'S own conduct; and, as a matter of fact, the narrative we published in THE SPEAKER a few weeks ago understated rather than exaggerated the case against the brilliant but entirely unscrupulous young adventurer.

ONCE a year the Royal Academy has the opportunity of doing honour to literature by inviting a certain number of eminent literary men to its annual banquet. Out of the whole company of British authors now living, the three who were selected for this high distinction last Saturday were MR. WALTER BESANT, MR. RIDER HAGGARD, and MR. RUDYARD KIPLING. The taste of the Academicians in literature will be perceived from the selection.

SOME interesting biographical works are announced as ready or in preparation. MR. J. M. BARRIE is writing a life of RUSSEL of the *Scotsman*. When a humorist writes of a humorist, the result should be notable. A "Retired Publisher's Assistant," for many years in the service of TAIT, of *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, is at work on a volume of "Memories." The "Publisher's Assistant," whose contributions to Scotch newspapers are always read with interest, has personal recollections of SCOTT, the BALLANTYNES, CONSTABLE, and, more particularly, of DE QUINCEY, who was for many years a voluminous contributor to *Tait's Magazine*.

MR. GEORGE RUSSELL'S biography of MR. GLADSTONE, which will be the next volume in MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & Co.'s "Queen's Prime Ministers" series, is being held over till July in order to meet the requirements of the American Copyright Act.

MESSRS. LONGMANS & Co. will publish in the autumn "Annals of My Early Life," by BISHOP WORDSWORTH of St. Andrews, embracing the period between 1806 and 1846. The volume will be followed by another, entitled "Annals of My Later Life," in which the Bishop intends to treat of the events of more recent years.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S memoir of LAURENCE OLIPHANT will be published immediately in two volumes, with portraits.

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

MR. JOHN C. NIMMO'S handsome edition of the works of SIR WILLIAM STIRLING MAXWELL approaches completion. The first four volumes already published contain "Annals of the Artists of Spain;" "The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth," being the fourth edition of that work, is contained in the fifth volume; and the sixth is a collection of miscellaneous essays and addresses, with biographical and bibliographical notices. In this edition are incorporated all the author's latest notes, additions, and emendations, made by him in view of a definitive edition of his works; and the number of the illustrations is increased by additions chosen from many which SIR WILLIAM had collected with the same object.

THE preface to MISS BLANCHE ROOSEVELT'S "Elizabeth of Roumania: a Study" (CHAPMAN) is written to explain and point out what is *not* in the book, viz., a proper estimate of QUEEN ELIZABETH as a social reformer, economist, and philanthropist. Some idea of the difficulties the young Queen experienced when she first went to Roumania may be gathered from the fact that after long and ardent counsels with the Prince, the Ministry, and persons of rank, it was decided to admit to the Drawing Rooms, etc., every lady who had *not been divorced more than once*.

THE first volume of DE QUINCEY'S posthumous works is published this week by MR. HEINEMANN. DR. JAPP'S introduction and notes are interesting and important, as he is editing the series from the original manuscript.

MR. G. LOWES DICKINSON'S object in his "From King to King" (GEORGE ALLEN) is to delineate vividly the leading actors in the Puritan Revolution, their ideals, and the distortion of their ideals in the current of events. For this purpose he has chosen a dramatic form, that of the essay appearing insufficient. His book is therefore an historical drama. It is in five acts, and is written in prose and verse.

A CRUISE in a canal is not very suggestive of enterprise or romance, and yet a pleasant book can be written about such an apparently humdrum journey. Besides, the HON. REGINALD BROUGHAM was not confined to one canal, as it was Holland he travelled in. The log he kept is published under the title of "A Cruise on Friesland 'Broads,'" by MESSRS. WARD & DOWNEY.

THE brilliant *causeur* of the *Revue Bleue*, M. AUGUSTIN FILON, author of a work of fiction of special interest in this country, "Amours Anglais," and of a History of French Literature, which was crowned by the Academy, has just brought out a new novel entitled "Violette Merian." MM. HACHETTE ET CIE. are the publishers. The same firm have added to their "Grands Écrivains" series "Mirabeau," by M. ROUSSE, and "Rutebeuf," by M. CLEDAT.

RUTEBEUF is not a name with which we are specially well acquainted in this country. The bearer of it was a poor but famous *trouvère* of the thirteenth century, contemporary with SAINT LOUIS. His life was more wretched, if possible, than that of VILLON; but his courage never deserted him—not even when, "without a coat to his back, without a bite to eat or a bed to lie on," and with a wife and child dependent on him, his misfortunes were crowned with the loss of his right eye, "son bon œil!" Audacious and brilliant, he is a type of the non-clerical literary man of his day.

THE historian of the "Wars of the Revolution," M. ARTHUR CHUQUET, has begun a second series of his great work with two volumes, entitled respectively "Jemappes and the Conquest of Belgium," and "The Treason of Dumouriez" (CERF). The Academy has awarded these two volumes the GOBERT prize for 1891. This is the second public recognition of this kind which the work has received, the AUDIFFRED prize having been bestowed on the earlier volumes by the Academy of Political and Moral Science.

M. PAUL OLLENDORF has in the press a new novel by GEORGES OHNET, entitled "Dette de Haine." M. OLLENDORF will also publish shortly a revised and enlarged edition of GUY DE MAUPASSANT'S "La Maison Tellier."

TO the series of historical novels published by M. ARMAND COLIN ET CIE. has been added "Cléopâtre," by JEAN BERTHEROT, and "Hassan le Janissaire," by LÉON CAHUN. The former, unlike some recent works, both French and English, on the same subject, follows history closely, the author having studied the latest writings on Egypt and the Roman Empire. M. CAHUN'S novel is a Turkish story of the Egyptian campaign of 1516-17, which terminated in the conquest of the Mamelukes.

WE have one two-volume novel to note this week, "Miss Devereux, Spinster: a Study of Development" (LONGMANS), by AGNES GIBERNE. Three one-volume stories are published by MESSRS. WARD & DOWNEY: "Trash," a tale of Brittany for boys and girls, by MRS. GEORGE BLOGDEN; "At an Old Château," by KATHARINE S. MACQUOID; and "The Little Lady of Lavender," by THEODORA C. ELMSLIE. MR. JAMES BAKER'S "By the Western Sea" (LONGMANS) and MR. CLINTON ROSS'S "The Speculator" (PUTNAM) are also in one volume.

MR. WILLIAM CANTON, for a number of years on the editorial staff of the *Glasgow Herald*, is to take up the late MR. JOHN NICOL'S work in connection with the *Contemporary Review*, *Good Words*, *The Sunday Magazine*, and MESSRS. ISHISTER'S general book business. MR. CANTON is well known in the North as a novelist and poet of exceptional ability. His "Lost Epic and Other Poems" (BLACKWOOD) attracted much attention a year ago. No one who has read them can ever forget his "Legend of a Stone Axe," and "An Indian Cowrie." Science is apt to fossilise poetry, but in these and other pieces MR. CANTON has accomplished the rare feat of infusing, by means of science, poetical life into what has long been dead and done with.

MR. CHARLES P. JOHNSON'S Thackeray *trouvaille* is an admirable specimen of the Cornish giant's early style. After Mr. Bludyer of the *Weekly Bravo*, and Mr. Dishwash of the *Castalian Magazine* have dictated to Lord Dandley a poem entitled "The Song of the Flower-pot," the titled worshipper of the Muses exclaims, "Bravo, bravissimo! Six stanzas, by the immortal gods! Upon my word, you were right, Bludyer, and I was in the vein. Why, this will fill a couple of pages, and we may get the 'Passion Flowers' out in a month. Come and see me often, my lads, hey? and, egad! yes, I'll read you some more poems." The "Passion Flowers" is a volume of poetry which Mr. Bogle, the publisher, "in a publisher's costume of deep black," has arranged to purchase from Lord Dandley for £1,000.

ON the whole, we can agree with the *Publishers' Circular* in the opinion that the American publishing

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trade has been distinguished by the spirit of fair-play. Some of its international dealings may have deserved censure; but so far as it was itself concerned, an unwritten law, exacting non-interference with the rights of a house which brought out a standard and expensive English work under an arrangement with the author, was uniformly observed. In hope of making a harvest before the Copyright Bill comes into operation, MESSRS. C. H. SERGEL & Co., of Chicago, have broken this law, and issued a cheap reprint of PROFESSOR BRYCE'S "American Commonwealth." But they have been too hasty. First, their edition is garbled, because the original work contains copyright matter contributed by American writers; and, secondly, MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. have met the Chicago publishers on their own ground by issuing an authorised edition. MESSRS. SERGEL & Co. will doubtless learn the bitter lesson that vaulting ambition sometimes o'er-leaps its sale, as Lord Dunsyre might have said.

Mr. D. HUTCHISON, of the Library of Congress, Washington, defending America from the charge of want of appreciation of DARWIN, is only able to say that several of his works have been printed and published in America, instancing his "Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication." It is significant, says the editor of the *Academy*, that there is no mention of an American reprint of the "Origin of Species." However DARWIN may be regarded in America, in France his works are almost as widely read as they are in England. MM. C. REINWALD ET CIE. publish a translation of all his works, in twelve volumes, which they have recently supplemented with the "Life and Correspondence" in two volumes. The translator is M. HENRY C. DE VARIGNY, an eminent scientist.

LABOUR DAY IN ITALY.

Rome, May 2nd.

THE fear of what might happen on the 1st of May was greater than what actually happened, but it cannot be said to have been quite unfounded. I shall not give you the details of the conduct of the working classes in the various towns of Italy, for it would not interest you; I will rather try to convey the impression of their general character. There was not complete agreement among the workmen on any one point. They differed as to whether they should or should not go to work, whether they should or should not make a demonstration; but the great majority went to work as usual and declined to take part in the demonstration. The employers were no better agreed. The majority left their workmen to do as they liked, and did not threaten to turn them off in case they did not go to work. The Government, on the other hand, did make use of this threat, and it was attended to. The printers were the most obstinate. We have been left without newspapers in Rome, and in some other towns. The Home Minister acted in the following manner:—He left the right of meeting quite free, but forbade processions in the streets, and announced that all meetings would be dispersed by force if the orators excited to rebellion or attacked existing social institutions with excessive violence. It was not easy to draw the line. Happily, only in the towns of Florence, Rome, and Naples was it found necessary to draw it. The worst that happened was in Rome. The anarchical party of the Socialist movement is here not without some influence among the workmen, and it got the upper hand in the meeting held yesterday at S. Croce. Even the notorious Cipriani was overruled. He said—but was not listened to—that the day for violence had not yet come; whereas others insisted that it had come, and acted accordingly. The consequence was that the Piazza, being

surrounded by large bodies of troops, was speedily cleared, though not without two lives lost and many wounded. The premeditation of the attack is proved by the quantity of stones thrown at the soldiers from the adjoining houses. The two killed were a carbineer and a policeman.

What is the importance of the Socialist movement in Italy? I think it is very small, if we mean by it the movement called thus in other countries. Here there are no strong and true motives for the reaction of the working-classes against the rest of society. Here there is no real hatred among the classes, and between the employers and the employed the relations are generally friendly. There is no great development of industries, and especially of such industries as lead more easily to disputed questions. The only mines we have which can be compared to yours are the sulphur mines of Sicily, but the men working in them are very quiet and have no thought of bettering their condition. The eight hours question is an important one in Italy. The majority of workmen cannot find work for seven hours a day, and would be very glad to find it for longer. But if all this is true, it is also true that whatever is wanting to form a Socialist movement here is supplied by political and economical causes. The old Radical and political sects are always active, and the Clericals, who are tolerably numerous, blow the flame and would be well pleased to put the country in a blaze. On the other hand, there is great misery, especially in certain classes of workmen—among the rest, masons and builders. I have never seen so many begging in the streets and at the doors as now.

I do not think the Government realises the situation or takes measures to improve it. To repress discontent is perhaps necessary, but it is not enough. Repression gives time to think, but, except for this, it avails nothing. I shall let you know if any more efficient measures are taken by the Government.

Meanwhile, the Chamber discusses the African question; but it can arrive at no conclusion, because the Commission of Inquiry has not yet returned, and will not return for two months.

BONGHI.

THE SPINSTER'S MAYING.

"The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet—
Cuckoo, jug jug, pu wee, to witta woo!"

AT two o'clock on May morning a fishing-smack, with a small boat in tow, stole up the harbour between the lights of the vessels that lay at anchor. She came on a soundless tide and before the softest breeze; and although her deck glistened wet with a recent shower, the man who steered her looked over his shoulder at the waning moon and decided that the dawn would be a fine one. A furlong above the town quay he left the tiller, and stepping forward, he let go his anchor; then lowered his brown mainsail and pulled an enormous watch from his fob. The vessels he had passed since entering the harbour's mouth seemed one and all asleep. But a din of horns, kettles, and tea-trays, and a wild tattoo of door-knockers, sounded along the streets behind the houses and stores that lined the waterside. Already the month of May was being ushered in.

The man waited until the half-hour chimed from the church tower, set his watch with care, and sat down to wait for the sun. Upon the wooded hill facing the town the birds were waking; and, by-and-bye, from the three small quays, came the sound of voices laughing, and then a boat or two, moving out of the shadow, each full of boys and maids. Before the first yellow ray broke over the hill a dozen and more had gone by him, on their way up the river, the chatter and broken laughter returning down its

dim reaches long after the rowers had passed out of sight.

He consulted his watch again, clambered out into the small boat astern, and, casting loose, pulled towards a blue quay-door, overhung with ivy. The upper windows of the cottage behind it were draped with snowy muslin, and the walls, coated with a recent whitewash, shamed its neighbours to right and left.

As the boat dropped under this blue quay-door, its upper flap opened softly and a voice said,

"Thank you kindly, John. How d'ye do, this May mornin'?"

"Charming," answered the man frankly. "Handsome weather 'tis, to be sure."

He looked up and smiled at her, like a lover.

"I needn't ask how *you* be; for you'm lookin' sweet as blossom," he went on.

And yet the man was grizzled, and the face that looked down on him was fifty years old at least. The hair that usually lay in two flat bands over the temples had, for this occasion, been worked into waves by curling-papers, and twisted, in front of either ear, into that particular curl known among the country-people as a "kiss-me-quick." But it was lined with grey, and the pinched features wore the tint of pale ivory.

"D'ye think you can clamber down the ladder, Sarah? The tide's fairly high."

"I'm afraid I'll be showin' my ankles."

"I was hopin' so. Wunnerful ankles you've got, Sarah, an' a wunnerful cage o' teeth. Such extremities 'd well beseem a king's daughter, all glorious within."

Sarah Blewitt pulled open the lower flap of the door and set her foot on the ladder. She wore a white print gown beneath her cloak, and a small bonnet of black straw decorated with sham cowslips. The cloak, hitching for a moment on the ladder's side, revealed a reticule covered with black beads that hung from her waist and clinked as she descended.

"I reckon there's scarce an inch of paint left on my front door," she observed, as the man steadied her with an arm round her waist and settled her comfortably in the stern-sheets.

He got out the paddles and began to pull.

"Ay. I heard 'em whackin' the doors with a deal of animal spirit. They was goin'-it, as near as you might say, like billy-oh! But one mustn' complain, on May mornin'."

"I wasn't complainin'," said the woman; "I was remarkin'. I take it very kindly that you came for me, John."

"I don't call to mind that ever I saw a more handsome mornin' for the time o' year."

Now they had made this expedition more than a score of times together and always found the same difficulty in conversing. The boat moved easily past the town, the jetties above it, and the vessels that lay off them, awaiting their cargo; it turned the corner and glided by woods where the larches were green, the sycamores dusted with bronze, the wild cherry white with blossom, and wherein every little bird seemed ready to burst his throat with the deal he had to say. But these two—the man especially—had scarcely a word, yet ached for words.

"Nance Treweek's married," the woman managed to tell him, at last.

"I was thinkin' so—very probably—by the way she carried on last Mayin'."

"That was'n' the man. She've kept company with two since him and mated with a fourth man altogether—quite a different sort, in the commercial-traveller line."

"Did he wear a seal weskit?"

"Well, he might have; but not to my knowledge. What makes you ask?"

"'Cos I used to know a commercial that wore one i' these parts: an' I thought it might be he very like."

"Jim had a greater gift o' speech than you can make pretence to," said the woman abruptly; "I often wonder that of two twin-brothers one should be so glib and t'other so mum-chance."

"'Tis the Lord's ways. Will you be dabblin' your feet, as usual, Sarah?"

"Why not?"

He turned the boat's nose to a small landing-place cut in the solid rock, where a narrow pathway dived between hazel bushes and appeared again, twenty feet above, leading inland across a green meadow. Here he helped her to disembark, and waited, with his back to the shore. The spinster, behind her hazel screen, pulled off shoes and stockings and paddled about for a minute in the dewy grass that fringed the lower slope of the meadow. Then, drawing a saucer from her reticule, she wrung some dew into it and bathed her face. Ten minutes later she reappeared on the edge of the river.

"A happy May, John!"

"Happy May," John echoed the wish.

He stepped out, and making his boat fast, followed her back up the narrow path and across the meadow. Beyond it, they passed, over a stile or two, among the pink slopes of orchards in bloom. Ahead of them, a church tower rose out of soft billows of apple-blossom, and above the tower a lark was singing. A child came along the path from the village, with two garlands mounted crosswise on a pole and looped together with strings of painted birds' eggs. John gave him a penny for his show.

"Here's luck to your lass," said the wise child, "and luck to the gift." And he spat on the penny and slipped it into his breeches' pocket. Sarah was so pleased that she added a second penny from her reticule.

They descended among the orchards and came to the inn door. Before it, in the sunshine, were set a dozen or more small tables, covered with white cloths; and two score at least of young people eating bread-and-cream, and chattering. The landlady, a broad woman in a blue print gown and large apron, came forward.

"Why, Miss Sarah, I'd nigh given you up. Your table's been spread this hour, an' at last I was forced to ask some o' the young folks if you was dead or no."

"Why should I be dead, more than another?"

"Well, well! 'In the midst o' life,' we're told: first one drops and then another, an' 'tisn't only the ripe apples that the wind scatters. He that comes wi' you to-day is but twin-brother to him who came wi' you, seemin' but yesterday. Eh? Miss Sarah, but I envied 'ee then, sittin' wi' hand in hand an' but one bite taken out o' your bread-an'-cream: for I was but husband-high myself, i' those days, an' couldn' make no man believe it."

"Mary Ann Jacobs," Miss Sarah broke out, "if 'twasn' for your cream I'd go a-mayin elsewhere, for I can truly say that I hate your way of talkin' from the bottom of my soul."

"Sarah," said John, as they finished their bread-and-cream together, "I'm a glum man, as you do know, an' why Providence drowned poor Jim when it might have taken his twin-image that hadn't half the mouth-speech, is past findin' out. But 'tis generally allowed that the grip o' my hand is uncommon like what Jim's used to be; and when I gets home to-night the first thing my wife 'll be sure to ask is, 'Did 'ee give Sarah poor Jim's hand-clasp?' and what to say to that I shan't know, unless you honours me so far."

"'Tis uncommon good of Maria," said the woman simply, and stole her thin hand into his horny palm. She had done so, in answer to the same speech, more than twenty times.

"Not at all."

His fingers closed over hers, and rested so. All but a few of the Mayers had risen from the tables, and were chasing each other back to their boats, for the majority were shop-girls and apprentices, and must be back in time for business. But Miss Sarah

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was in no hurry. "Not yet!" she entreated, as the grasp of John's hand began to relax. He tightened it again and waited, while she leant back, breathing short, with half-closed eyes.

At length she said he might release her.

"I'm sure 'tis uncommon good of Maria," she repeated.

"I don't see where the kindness comes in. Maria can have as good any day of the year, and don't appear to value it, to that extent."

They went back through the orchards in silence. At Miss Sarah's quay-door they parted, and John hoisted sail for his home around the corner of the coast.

Q.

QUIET.

I KNOW a village—nameless, else you'd go there—

Where it is mostly quiet night and day;
And gentler winds than sweep our hats off blow there;
More gently laugh the children at their play.
And cats quite fearless wander down the lone street,
And never gas-lamps glare, nor 'busses run,
Whose smart conductor steps off, yelling, "Sloane Street!
Southerness Kensington!"

All sleepy sounds are there. I've recollections

Of far-off music from a peaceful sea—
The kiss of waves, the shingle's chaste objections—
And all the drowsiness it brought to me.
Or half-awake I lay, half-sleeping, under
The shade of deep trees where the dull doves cooed;
And heard the lawn mowed, with a frantic wonder
If it would be shampooed.

All that was long ago; I think they had there

No "extra-specials," nor electric light,
No music-halls; and yet it was not bad there—
One never worked by day, but slept by night.
Once, I remember, they'd a penny-reading;
The vicar's daughter sang a taking air,
And I was glad to see the girl succeeding;
Yet it was quiet there.

Here day and night the swift wheels drive one dizzy,

Scurrying, rattling, flashing down the street;
All day, all night there's someone up and busy,
Someone who's racing someone else to beat.
All night, all day the smoke's ascending—curly,
Straggling, or straight—and now it's drifting west;
And it's in vain, you know, that we rise early,
And late—so late—take rest.

BARRY PAIN.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

DÖLLINGER AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

SIR,—Will you—a Liberal and a something more—a *tolerant* Liberal (all Liberals are not tolerant), allow me, a Catholic priest, a few words *re* the critique in your last issue on the "Declarations and Letters on the Vatican Decrees," by Döllinger? Your critic says, "The supreme result of the Council was the loss to the Papacy of the greatest European scholar of our day." The "greatest scholar of our day"! I pass over this affirmation, because colossal affirmations, based only on individual predilections, need not be attended to. Does your critic really think that the supreme result of the Council was the secession of Döllinger? If he do, he must be living in the land of shadows. Do you, sir, imagine that the loss of any one man could cast a shadow over the vast organisation of the Catholic Church? Do you think the Catholic Church is damaged by a mere individual defection? Was the mission of the Messiah damaged because not one, but many Jews would not accept His teaching? Your critic says Döllinger could not be a child of the Catholic Church unless she loved—as he loved—"the truths and facts of history." Will you allow me to state that the Catholic Church has nothing whatever to do with "the truths and facts of history"? The mission of the Catholic Church is to teach, and teach infallibly, the "Gospel" of Christ! Christ must have deputed someone

to "testify" to His "Gospel," and we Catholics hold that that somebody is the "Caput" of the Catholic Church. Again, your critic says the Vatican Council will be remembered in the days to come, not by its definition of the "Papal official infallibility in teaching, but by the loss the Catholic Church has sustained by Döllinger's defection." In reply, let me ask you, What has the Church lost by his defection? Has the Church gone back? Have the "Döllingers" multiplied? Clearly one should not prophesy unless he be a prophet! Will you kindly oblige a weekly reader by inserting this letter?—I am, Sir, yours ever faithfully,

May 5th, 1891.

SACERDOS HIBERNICUS.

THE ENFRANCHISEMENT OF THE VILLAGE.

SIR,—The whole pith and point of your article of the 18th lay in the satisfaction expressed that the Liberal party had at last officially declared for Parish Councils instead of District Councils. And yet here is Mr. Killick, writing—as he complacently supposes—in support and development of your articles, ignoring—never mentioning—the Parish, but airily castle-building on District Councils. Surely there is great truth in the gibe of the *Times*, "The truth is, the Opposition have not thought out the subject of Parochial Councils." When will our town-bred Radicals realise that the whole gulf which divides Liberalism and Toryism lies between the choice of the Parish or the District as a unit of Government? Nothing democratic—no real local life can come from a group of villages. We have the system now in our Sanitary Authorities—forty villages bound together, every proposal for the benefit of any one of them thrown out by a majority of thirty-nine to one. We see even in our large municipal boroughs the various wards pulling against one another in the contest for public improvements; but there, with an almost infinitesimal equation, the good of one is the good of all. Rural villages, on the other hand, when separated by a few miles are as distinct—as divergent—nay, in a way, as antagonistic as, say, Birmingham, Liverpool, and Newcastle. Where would the municipal progress, the local patriotism, the great Democratic development of the provincial corporate boroughs be, if they had been grouped together under one council which brought to the consideration of every local improvement a majority of members who knew nothing of the wants of each locality and cared less? The work to be done is nearly all of parochial interest only. The idea that the village cannot provide a sufficiently intelligent council to manage its affairs is absurd; almost every parish in the land, even if it has only fifty inhabitants, elects a number of officers—churchwardens, overseers, waywardens, trustees of charities, etc.—who, each on their sole and individual discretion, perform responsible duties. The efficiency would be doubled, and the difficulties halved, if these men were formed into a board, and the united ability applied to the duties of each. Of course this is only an illustration, some of their present duties being untransferable, but many others might be added. People seem to forget that if the village be insignificant, and the local men simple and ignorant, the duties are proportionately trivial. It may require a committee of the highest business training and intelligence to lay out a few millions in bringing water from Thirlmere to Manchester; but though the burgesses of Sleepy Hollow may not equal the Manchester Water Committee in these qualities, they will, if given the power, deal quite as efficiently with their great water problem of raising a rate of 19s. 5d. to cement the cistern of the village pump. But I must not waste your space in arguing the question; my point is—that the only natural, the only useful, the only democratic, the only possible unit of real local life and local public spirit is the village. Any real or imagined difficulties must be met by restricting the powers conferred upon them, not by strengthening the stifling stagnation against which they have so far struggled in vain.—Yours, etc.,

RUSTICUS.

MR. FILDES' "THE DOCTOR."

SIR,—Since, or even before, the time at which he illustrated "Edwin Drood," Mr. Fildes has been an artist and a painter who has attracted, in a distinct degree, the interest of the "highest mounted minds." He began by depicting the drama of humanity; and although, for a time, he seemed to abandon his first love to turn to subjects which, well as he treated them, were not specially suited to his peculiar powers, and could be very adequately rendered by men who had not his special gifts, he has, in his Royal Academy picture for 1891, returned emphatically to the *comédie humaine*. The art of painting covers a very wide range of subjects, and is, indeed, a many-sided art. Proof of this width of range is afforded by every picture exhibition. Different minds entertain different loves, and are moved to deal with very diverse themes. The painter's attempt to express, while stealing a glance from time, the divinity of beauty, of wonder, of meaning, presents us with pictures of human passion, pathos, prettiness; then turns, perhaps, to "the height, the space, the gloom, the glory" of some stately cathedral; while other men deal with castle or with cottage;

with lake, with mountain, or with sea and shore; with field or tree, with moorland or with rock; with quaint streets, or the stir of populous cities; and yet other efforts strive to embody history, to tell a story, or to portray the human figure. Mr. Fildes has conceived and realised a pathetic human drama, in which, among other things, he pays a painter's tribute to the doctor. What good fellows those doctors are! how well they merit the recognition of great art!

Impelled by a right instinct, Mr. Fildes calls his present work "The Doctor," for his drama centres in the honest country doctor, to whom the accessories of the picture are adjuncts. The scene is a labourer's cottage, in which a delicate, beautiful little girl, still child, lies upon a hastily improvised bed, made up upon chairs, and she is evidently in a crisis of dangerous sickness and of saddest suffering. One little, feverish hand seems to be stretched out in mute appeal to the good man whom the child had found to be so kind. The face of the sorrowful mother is buried in her hands, as she, outworn and half-despairing, reclines upon a table. The father, sad and silent, stands near his wife, and looks, in grief which exceeds hope, upon his child and upon the man whose skill may save her. The parents can feel but little hope, and can render no help—they can only weep and wait, and watch the man who seems to them in their anguish to be the dispenser of life or death. The doctor, representative of beneficent science, and of Fate, is shown to us in the full, strong light of the lamp which is outwatching the night and contending with the dreary dawn. Behind the parents, and opposite to the doctor, through the openings of the window-blind steals in the wan light of the cold, cruel, heartless break of day. The artificial light typifies science, while the grey of morning expresses that nature which is so indifferent to human sorrow. One thinks of Hood's fine lines:—

"We watched her breathing thro' the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro";

and we softly trust that the little blessing will wake, saved, to our human day, and will not know "another morn than ours"; and our faint, fond confidence rests upon that watchful doctor, who, quiet as he is, is yet the active agent in the terrible strife. In happier hours he may have been *brusque* in manner, though always cheery in presence; and beneath his skill and patience beats a man's warm human heart. He is intensely still, and watches, with compressed concentration, for some possible change in the symptoms—a change too fine for us to discern. The firm, bearded mouth rests upon the surgeon's fine, strong hand, and his attitude is instinct with combat with that last enemy—Death—an enemy that he has foiled so often and yet holds in such just dread. It is Christian warring against Apollyon. He will never give up the fight while life lasts in his pretty, little, weak, wan patient. He is middle-aged, with an early-greying head; is a little rough, perhaps, but never hard. He has probably known hard times and troubles of his own—a country doctor, long trained in warfare with disease and death, striving, with the single eye, and helping with equal zeal rich or poor. Near him is the warm light of science and of hope; opposed to him the grey chill of a day which may open upon death. Can we catch any hope from his intent, earnest face? I hope so. His eye is as a ball of living light, and looks through external show into vital fact. His work is one part of the divine mission on earth; and surely such a man—with such a patient—must conquer pallid death?

There is in him the quiet resolution and the calm resource of a strong, able, kindly man. Would that Mr. Fildes could have allowed him to give us more distinct hope! but perhaps the painter himself, who is the servant of his art, does not quite know how the conflict will end. The picture is not an illustration; it is rough-hewn from life, and art has so completely hidden art that all *technique* is sunk into subject. We pay him the high compliment of thinking more of his powerful drama than of the masterly art-power through which it is so admirably, so movingly represented.

The pathetic picture leaves us waiting eagerly for the nearing morning when the shadows shall—as we fondly hope—flee away, and when the good doctor shall restore the darling child to life, to love, and to health. We trust to his skill and to his devotion to save the beautiful little blessing whose angel does always behold the face of her Father which is in Heaven.

Arts Club.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

HEADLAM'S MELEAGER.—A PROTEST.

SIR,—The reviewer of Headlam's Meleager in THE SPEAKER has been either not very careful or not very candid in his criticism of XL. (Anth. Pal. vi., 163). He assumes that "Love is speaking," asserts that Mr. Headlam "makes nonsense" of the first couplet, and, after quoting the translation, proceeds—"Is it possible that he thought Έρωδιος a name of Aphrodite?" The suspicion is *prima facie* preposterous; and a glance at the context would have shown him that the translator follows the tradition all through in taking

Ares, not Eros, to be the speaker. On this hypothesis the translation is quite correct. Whether Mr. Headlam's theory or your reviewer's is right may be a matter of opinion—I am confident that your reviewer is wrong—but in any case, I submit that he has no business to suggest gross ignorance which a cursory inspection proves to be imaginary.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

FAIR PLAY.

P.S.—If Mr. Headlam had written "use" at the end of the first line, as your reviewer quotes him, he would have "made nonsense." He writes "me."

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, May 8th, 1891.

I DESIRE, sorrowfully, to make complaint against "A. B.," the critic who so often dignifies these columns. I charge him with growing old. Nine critics out of ten may grow old as soon as they please, and the sooner the better: but the tepefaction of "A. B." is really deplorable. And the worst of it is that he will not await the process of years, but (if I may say so) anticipates them and wantons in senility.

After listening to all his recent utterances, I select as fairly typical a sentence or two from his *Causerie* in last week's SPEAKER. "But does one owe any duty, any active duty, to the authors of one's own day? Ought one to read their very numerous publications? . . . The true conclusion appears to be that there is no need to want to read anything new, or to be in a hurry about it. The second-hand shops will keep any man going all his life."

Now I submit that the only excuse for a man's writing is that he perceives something that other men do not perceive until he has shown it to them. The poet, historian, biographer, novelist, perceive this in *life* and write it down. Then comes the critic. The excuse for his existence is that he perceives something new, not in life, but in the poem, history, biography, or novel—something that will presumably be missed by other readers unless he calls attention to it. His office is honourable, but in a second degree. When Hazlitt said of Sir James Mackintosh that "he might like to read an *account* of India; but India itself, with its burning, shining face was a mere blank, an endless Waste to him," he certainly damned Sir James as an historian but not necessarily as a critic.

If literature must follow life and attempt to reproduce it—and I should like to know what else it can do—there seems no reason why it should stop suddenly. Life doesn't stop. Yet "A. B." asks, as a critic, "Does one owe any duty to the authors of one's own day?" and "Why need anyone bother to read Ibsen if he is happy with Farquhar, or Tolstoi if he never tires of Scott?" The answer seems to be that if "A. B." chooses to solace his declining years with Farquhar, he has a perfect right to do so; but to assume that because Farquhar is good, Ibsen must be less good, and therefore need not be read, is hardly enterprising. If an ancestor of "A. B." had argued in the same way, "Why need anyone bother to see *As You Like It* if he is satisfied with John Lyly's *Sappho and Phao*?" we should think little of his pluck, at any rate.

I protest that I cannot see the argument. "Why," asks "A. B.," "should a man bother to read Tolstoi if he never tires of Scott?" Why, for the matter of that, should he bother to read the rest of Scott's novels if he never tires of "Waverley"? Why read anything at all beyond the Song of Lamech? Why pursue the meal if you can send your plate up six times for soup? "There is no obligation," he

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urges, "to read anybody's poetry or novel, living or dead." To be sure there is none. There is no obligation to climb an Alp, or sail a canoe, or kiss any woman but your mother, or drink anything but the water from your own town-pump. Man is free to enjoy his inheritance in this world or to refuse it. And yet the feeling is pretty general that to refuse is poor-spirited and slightly unintelligent. I am sure "A. B." will agree with me that few men are more dismal companions than he who prides himself on knowing nothing of what goes on in the world, or never opening a newspaper, etc. Such a fellow treats the loss or lack of a faculty as a matter for boasting, and is as absurd as the fox in the fable. But is "A. B." much more reasonable, who so complacently announces that, in literary matters, he prefers to remain some generations behind his age?

"A. B.," however, is more than a reader: he is a critic, and by choice a critic of dead men. It is a sound old-gentlemanly sport, slightly tepid perhaps, but safe. You can map out the game to its finish, before you begin. The "writing fellow" has done his best and worst; it is all over with him and there is no chance of the beggar's doubling and leaving you to look foolish. "Some praise the hound and some the hawk" and some like to hunt the drag: and why should one sportsman fall foul of another's choice? "A. B." himself holds that if we all let the literature of your own age alone the better part of of it will come to its due honour somehow: he believes that no impostor will hold a permanent seat in the temple, and that no good man and true will miss his place. On this last point I have my doubts, and feel inclined to ask, with the stranger who was shown the votive offerings dedicated by those whom the god had saved from shipwreck,—"*Ubi eorum qui perierunt?*" It was only the other day, and by a fluke, that Campion obtained the honour which he had deserved, and lacked, for almost three centuries, and there is no reason to believe his a solitary case. "Ah, but he *did* receive recognition, in the long run," "A. B." will say. That is true; nevertheless I commiserate the generations who ignored him, *feliciores sua si bona norint*.

But the critics who prefer the harder game, and to run more risks than the game of pat-ball with established reputations can offer, are to "A. B." "an aggressive crew of propagandists, crowded together in London, each one bent upon thrusting his favourite author down the gullet of the public." And authors themselves "are beginning to get very noisy." The complaint is not new. Hazlitt made it in 1825 (I think), and Juvenal some time before that; and the answer is: "Sir, is it not rather that you grow, with advancing years, somewhat more impatient of noise?" The other day "A. B." asserted in his *Causerie* that it would not matter much if nobody wrote a line for the next fifty years. Yet (we have his word for it) he remembers the delights of those past days that gave him "Maud" or "Rhoda Fleming" hot from the press. He has lost his enthusiasm, that is all, and thinks—it is an old, old story—that there is nothing new to be enthusiastic about.

Hazlitt, speaking of the study of the classics, says "Every civilised age and country (and of these there is not one, but a hundred) has its literature, its arts, its comforts, large and ample, though we may know nothing of them; nor is it (*except for our own sakes*) important that we should." This, if it be a reason for studying the classics, is also a reason for studying the writers of one's own time; and I commend the italicised words to "A. B." I would further ask him, although he never tires of Scott, to read "*La Guerre et la Paix*." And I do so because I cannot bear so pleasant a writer to grow old before his time in so agreeable a world. "The second-hand shops," he says plaintively, "will keep a man going all his life."

"Keep a man going"—it is a sick-room phrase, suggestive of brandy-and-milk and sitting up to take nourishment.

And perhaps he might speak more respectfully of authors, as a class. For, poor souls, if they have only "kept him going" up to now, that in itself is some reason for gratitude. Those who have helped him so far are dead to a man, and it is a kindly custom to lift one's hat to a corpse: while those who are alive seem to be strangers to him, and should be passed with as little show of contempt as is possible.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

GARDINER'S STUDENT'S HISTORY.

A STUDENT'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO 1885. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner. Vols. I. and II.: B.C. 55—A.D. 1689. London: Longmans & Co.

ENGLISH history is not, it must be confessed, a very popular subject either in schools or colleges. Somehow or other, boys seem to take much more kindly to their Euclid than to the history of their own country; and perhaps when we recall our own school-days the fault does not seem to be entirely on the boys' side. As a rule, school histories are an intolerably dull sort of books, and even the consideration of the properties of a triangle may well seem more calculated to excite the imagination, and even to arouse the enthusiasm, than the dreary concatenation of facts and dates which usually passes under the name of history. The Duke of Marlborough would hardly, we suspect, "come up to" the requirements of the University Local examiners, or the London University matriculation standard, but his example may still be very useful in its way, and the boy who can take an intelligent interest in the historical dramas of Shakespeare and the novels of Sir Walter Scott has undergone a much better preparation for historical study than if he had been dragged a score of times through the Student's Hume or Curtis's date-book. For ourselves, we well remember the day when, after repeated doses of the latter, Motley's "Dutch Republic" was placed in our hands, and we must confess to having always since then had a strong predilection for big books. No doubt the main difficulty is, as it always has been, to find some suitable hand-book which, without being too bulky, shall at once be interesting and comprehensive. Much, indeed, has been done of recent years, and not least of all by the late Mr. Green, to redeem the teaching of history in schools from the reproach which has long rested upon it. Much, however, still remains to be done, and it is greatly to the credit of Professor Gardiner that amidst his more serious studies he has still found time to turn his attention to this comparatively uninteresting, but none the less necessary, work. To say merely that his Student's History of England is superior to its predecessors would be to give a very imperfect idea of its value and importance. It is something much more than this. It is the nearest approach that has yet been made to what a school history of England ought to be. It is the fruit of ripe historical knowledge, of wide reading, of a masterly comprehension of the scope and meaning of history, combined with a practical knowledge of the requirements of the classroom. It is this last quality, *par excellence*, that gives to it its chief value and distinguishes it from the usual run of school histories. To set forth in simple and unaffected language the important facts of English history: to illustrate the life of the nation in all its phases and the progress of its civilisation from its antiquities, its architecture, its literature and its art, and at the same time to awaken the interest of the youthful student, to stimulate his curiosity and to direct his future studies—all this it is that Professor Gardiner has striven, and,

in our opinion, striven successfully, to accomplish. Occasionally, indeed, we are inclined to think the book, especially towards the close of the first volume, would have gained considerably in clearness had there been a little less of that "multiplicity of details" which, as Professor Gardiner himself acknowledges, "is apt to overburden the memory," and, we may add, is also calculated to obscure the significance and relative proportion of events. In this respect, as also in the matter of style, which is sometimes plain even to baldness, the second volume appears to us a marked improvement on the former. But, to come to matters of greater importance, the thing which has struck us chiefly in reading this book is its admirable equanimity. Professor Gardiner is an Englishman writing English history for Englishmen, and yet in all that he has written there is not a spark of that spirit of "jingoism" which is so offensive to foreigners, and of which it is so difficult for even the most impartial writers altogether to divest themselves. "It was a good thing, no doubt," he writes of the expulsion of the foreign favourites of Henry III., "to maintain that wealth should be in the hands rather of natives than of foreigners; but after all, every contention for material wealth alone is of the earth earthy. No object which appeals exclusively to the selfish instincts can, in the long run, be worth contending for. Edmund Rich's accession to the national cause was a guarantee that the claims of righteousness and mercy in the management of the national government would not altogether be forgotten." Of the Battle of Bannockburn: "Materially, both England and Scotland suffered grievously from the result of the battle of Bannockburn. English invasions of southern Scotland, and Scottish invasions of northern England, spread desolation far and wide, stifling the germs of nascent civilisation. Morally, both nations were in the end the gainers. The hardihood and self-reliance of the Scottish character is distinctly to be traced to those years of struggle against a powerful neighbour. England, too, was the better for being baulked of its prey. No nation can suppress the liberty of another without endangering its own." Of the "Vision of Piers Plowman": "It was the glory of England to have produced such a thought, far more than to have produced the men who, heavy with the plunder of unhappy peasants, stood boldly to their arms at Crecy and Poitiers." It is such passages as these that render the course of history at once intelligible and instructive. Like the views we get from some tall mountain top, we see things in their true perspective, and are enabled to judge of human actions by other and less material and temporary standards. Not the less interesting, however, in this connection is Professor Gardiner's strong insistence on the part which English seamanship and the skill of English shipwrights played in the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Professor Gardiner is always suggestive, and his remarks often furnish food for serious reflection. Take for example the following in regard to Charles II.: "His life was dissolute; and being without any religious convictions, he cherished, like some other dissolute men of that time, a secret attachment to the Church of Rome"; or the concluding paragraph of the second volume: "It is much to be regretted that the moral tone of the men who brought about the Revolution of 1689 was lower than that which had brought about the Revolution of 1641. That this was the case, however, was mainly the fault of the unwise attempt of the Puritans to enforce morality by law. The individual liberty which was encouraged by the later revolution would in due time work for morality as well as for political improvement." To turn now for a moment to some points of minor interest, we would venture to suggest, on the strength of a passage in the "Tripartite Life of St. Patrick" (ed. Whitley Stokes, p. 93), that the Druids in Ireland were not, as Professor Gardiner describes them, merely conjurers and wizards, but also, as in Gaul, instructors of youth. One misses the name of Roger Bacon in a

book in which Cædmon, Spenser, the author of "Hudibras," and Sir Isaac Newton each find a separate niche. The references to Scotch and Irish history, though necessarily brief, are generally to the point, though we cannot help thinking that Professor Gardiner somewhat fails to realise the extent of the English dominion in Ireland prior to the invasion of Edward Bruce; and we would point out that by a slip of the pen, on p. 453, he has confounded two quite distinct invasions of Ireland—the one under Sir James Fitzmaurice in 1579, and the other under Sebastian de San Josepho in the following year. The view taken of Henry VII.'s reign, as marking the close rather than the beginning of an epoch of English history, appears to us essentially sound; and, in this connection, though it is to be regretted that Professor Gardiner did not have the opportunity of consulting the ingenious and most interesting article on Richard III. by Mr. Clements Markham, in the current number of the *English Historical Review*, we hardly think that his estimate either of Richard or his successor is likely to suffer very much in consequence. The capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453 no doubt gave a great impulse to the Renaissance, but it is hardly correct to date the birth of the movement in Italy, as Professor Gardiner does (p. 366), from that event; and we are further inclined to demur to his statement, as containing no more than part of the truth, that Elizabeth's "life's work was to throw down all that Mary had attempted to build up, and to build up all that Mary had thrown down." At the end of Part V., owing to some strange oversight, we miss the customary list of books recommended for further study, and which we would gladly have had in exchange for the somewhat supererogatory note on p. 620. As for the maps, without which no history can now claim to be complete, we understand they are to appear in a volume by themselves. The arrangement is not without its drawbacks, but neither, we suppose, without its superior advantages. In conclusion, one word of praise is due to Mr. St. John Hope, under whose directions the illustrations which form the most marked, and certainly not the least attractive feature of the book, have been prepared; and yet we must confess to a lurking suspicion in regard to some of the earlier ones—especially those on pp. 70 and 71—as to whether they are not too obviously drawn from Latin sources to be worth much as representations of contemporary manners and costumes.

LETTERS OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.

SIR ROBERT PEEL, 1788-1827, from his private Correspondence, published by the Trustees of his papers, Viscount Hardinge and the Right Hon. Arthur Wellesley Peel, Speaker of the House of Commons. London: John Murray. 1891.

MR. GLADSTONE is known to entertain a little kindly weakness for the House of Lords, and he often favours his friends, as he has once or twice favoured the public, with an amusing and paradoxical eulogium on its merits. It is related of him that at the conclusion of an *excursus* on this subject, he once asked a young member of Parliament if he could tell him how many of his followers shared his views, to which he received the laconic reply, "Parker." The Parker here intended is the same Mr. Charles Stuart Parker, M.P., who edits this first instalment of Peel's letters. We cannot accuse him in any line which he has written of compromising with Unionism; but, here and there in the connecting narrative, there are particular expressions which read oddly as coming from the pen of an avowed friend of the Irish cause; and the general tone of what is written goes to confirm the impression of moderation, not to say weakness of knee, which would be inferred from the answer to Mr. Gladstone's question. Those, however, who are inclined to be annoyed with Mr. Parker should bear in mind the conditions under which he is writing. His editorial duties have, as it were, devolved upon him by

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operation of law. The work fell to him primarily as executor of his intimate and revered friend, Lord Cardwell, one of Peel's chosen literary executors; and he is writing at the request and on behalf of Lord Hardinge and Mr. Speaker Peel—so that on the whole, looking to the restraints and courtesies incumbent on him, we could not perhaps have expected a style of writing more acceptable to ourselves: more especially as we have reason to assume that in some places we are reading, not Mr. Parker at all, but Mr. Goldwin Smith, whose notes for an abandoned Life of Peel it has been thought necessary to use.

Mr. Parker had probably but poor materials to work upon; but certainly much of the matter in the volume belongs to an exceedingly, although perhaps not exceptionally, tiresome species of correspondence—letters from notable nonentities of the day, paying empty and pompous compliments to Peel for his performances as an anti-Catholic orator, or long memoranda and letters, interchanged between office-holders or office-seekers at times of crises and change. This last class of letters is the most tiresome of all reading, because we know that the writers do not say what they mean or mean what they say. Then, there is a great deal too much about a Dr. Jackson, who was Peel's tutor at Oxford. Pages are devoted to a correspondence in which Peel exerted himself to obtain a bishopric, that of Oxford, for this clergyman. The letters would have been in their place if Mr. Parker had been writing a biography of Dr. Jackson; but as far as Peel was concerned, it would have sufficed to tell us, by way of illustrating the steadfastness of his private affections, that he did exert himself for his tutor as described. Of Peel's character in this respect perhaps enough was shown in the formidable demands which he made from time to time for berths to suit two of his brothers and his brother-in-law. Peel was apparently very much wrapped up in whatever was his special work at the moment; and there are, in consequence, many public events—such as the Six Acts, the Queen's trial, and the Peterloo massacre—which remain unnoticed or are dismissed with the briefest reference. His interest in Continental politics appears to have been confined to the effect which an intervention in European affairs might have in diminishing the Irish garrison; and what most struck him about Canning's South American policy was that the recognition of Bolivar by this country made it ridiculous on the part of Wellesley and Plunket to prosecute O'Connell for expressing a pious wish that a Bolivar might arise in Ireland. The chief interest of the volume consists in the traces which it affords of the gradual enlightenment and purification of Peel's mind. The opening part shows us an odious Englishman doing odious work in an odious spirit. When we close it, Peel is not yet wise; but the beginning of wisdom is in him. It makes us blush all over to read the confidential notes which passed between him and his friends in the earlier and worst years of his Irish Secretaryship. The problems which they discussed are much the problems of to-day, and the spirit in which they approached them is not different from the Unionist spirit of our own time. Whatever these men were, they are entitled to the courtesies due to gentlemen; and Mr. Parker makes us eavesdroppers against our will. We feel that, if they had any voice in the matter, they would not express themselves in our hearing as they do. It is just as if, unperceived and against our will, we were to overhear a conversation on the Irish Question between Mr. Balfour, Mr. Jesse Collings, and the Duke of Westminster. However, the worst period of Peel's moral nature is soon past. He ceases to be merely the tool and mouthpiece of the scurvy knaves who constitute themselves the body-guard of Irish loyalism. In time, he gets to hate Judge Day, Editor Gifford, and all the tribe of venal alarmists, truculent magistrates, and imbecile noblemen, as much as he hates O'Connell and McGee. For the Orangemen he has a

sneaking and perhaps not wholly groundless affection; but in later years he can, upon occasion, condemn in good set terms an Orange procession for the murder of a Catholic. He left Ireland without ever getting a glimpse of the bed-rock verity of Irish politics—that the blame for Irish outrage rests on those who provoke it rather than on those who commit it. His career at the Irish Office was not wholly dissimilar to that of Mr. Balfour. Mr. Balfour, like Peel, is obviously far less in the hands of his surroundings than of yore. As knowledge of the country grew in the mind of Peel, he, like Mr. Balfour, began to lay less and less stress on firmness, and to devote more and more of his thoughts to economical and administrative remedies. The Peel of the letters, like the Mr. Balfour of to-day, professes to be satisfied with the success of his firmness, but for a young man neither is optimistic as to its permanent results. To complete the analogy, Peel closed his task by dealing with a famine in a manner both original and successful. In a letter to Lord Liverpool of October, 1817, he surveys his five years' work and pronounces it to be very good, enumerating among the causes of satisfaction "that the Government had an opportunity of coming into contact with the public through the medium of kind offices." Mr. Balfour would hardly speak of the Connemara cottiers as the "public;" but, although couched in less stilted terms, there probably now reposes in the private archives of Hatfield some *apologia* not dissimilar to the letter from which we have quoted. It may give pause to the self-gratulations of uncle and nephew to find, as they will in this volume, that eight years later, Ireland was more out of hand and the Catholic cause more prosperous than ever.

One of the most unpleasant portions of the letters is that which contains the correspondence between Peel and Croker about the election at Down in 1812. Croker begs for £2,000 of public money—£1,500 of which is to be spent in bribery. Peel has not such a sum at disposal. He expresses a fervent wish that he had as much as £1,000 of his own, for if he had it would be at Croker's disposal; but he has it not, and there is nothing for it but to tell Croker that if he will take the chance of its assisting him, *he can promise*. Light is thrown on the vagueness of these words by references in the letters to a statute then recently passed, known to the writers as "Curwen's Act," which had rendered such promises illegal. Croker lost the election, the other candidate having what the electors preferred to promises; but for months afterwards he kept pestering Peel with letters asking him to redeem the promises of place which he had made during the election. The whole of the earlier correspondence relating to patronage is nauseating; and about the best that Mr. Parker can plead for Peel is that he always took care that Government wasted no patronage without a prospect of an adequate return. It is often said about such transactions that we must remember the difference between the public morality of that day and our own. But after all, these things did not happen two thousand years ago. There was plenty of good morality knocking about—if only Peel had chosen to master it and become obedient to it—in the utterances of Burke, Godwin, Bentham, Cobbett, Coleridge, and even O'Connell himself. These, had they been noted unto profit, would have saved him from the posthumous shame of the present correspondence. Happily, before the volume closes, we see Peel in a better light. Twice he refuses to stir himself to deprive a public servant of his place for not supporting the Government at an election.

The letters which are published by Mr. Parker, in the matter of Peel's challenge to O'Connell, do not place that curious transaction in a particularly favourable light for Peel. Unless overmastering candour compelled the editor to print them, he might as well have allowed the judgment of mankind to rest upon the existing materials supplied by rival

partisans. If Peel thought O'Connell a blackguard and a licensed assassin—and such phrases occur in letters addressed to him by friends who seem to have felt that such words would be acceptable—if he believed that O'Connell would practise tricks “to get an advantage” in the duel (p. 193), he ought not to have challenged him at all. Duelling was a custom between gentlemen, not between gentlemen and blackguards. He deliberately fastened a quarrel on O'Connell in order to gratify the rancour of his friends; and there is nothing in this book to negative the view that it was at his instigation, or that of his friends at the Home Office, that O'Connell was arrested, and prevented from proceeding to meet him on the Continent. The duelling was to be duplex: Peel against O'Connell, and Peel's London Under-Secretary, Sir Charles Saxton, against O'Connell's friend, Lidwill; and it was just as much attempted to be shown that Lidwill was shirking a fight as that O'Connell was. “My cock won't fight,” writes Sir Charles on the 19th of September, 1815, “although he has contrived that it shall appear he can't.” Two months later Lidwill belied this odious suggestion by meeting Saxton at Calais. Saxton having missed him, Lidwill discharged his pistol in the air. As O'Connell had but recently met and killed D'Esterre in a duel, it may well be assumed that the aspersions of Peel's admirers upon his courage, were as detestably baseless as those of Saxton upon the courage of Lidwill.

Nothing is more amusing in this book than Peel's extreme disgust with everyone who proclaims himself converted to the justice of the Catholic claims. He is particularly sarcastic about Pole (the Duke of Wellington's brother), who had preceded him in office, and has no words to express his sense of Pole's impudence in inviting himself to dine as one of a small party at the Lord-Lieutenant's, where he (Pole) was to be the only “Catholic.” Evidently Peel, if he had lived in these days, would have agreed with a personage of our own time in his aphorism that the presence of one Gladstonian is enough to spoil any dinner.

The book is well edited, but at page 326 Peel is made, under date of November, 1822, to administer a severe rebuke to “Valentine Baker.” The context indicates to Irish readers that Valentine Blake, of Galway, is intended. George IV. is the most amiable character in the book.

MR. MEREDITH'S NEW BOOK.

ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS. By George Meredith. Three vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1891.

At the end of the first volume of Mr. Meredith's novel, the chief impression in the reader's mind is an impression of a style—not of a story. At the end of the third volume, he will have forgotten that there is such a thing as style. Style is become merely something over which the dry grammarian may dispute—something to help out a lame review to its regulation length—a very poor thing. When one has finished the last page, and has put the book aside, it is not to linger critically over points of style, but to be held fast in the grip of the story.

In style, as all know, Mr. Meredith is independent and masterful. He wants, we will suppose, an adverb. “There is no such adverb,” says the dictionary. Then Mr. Meredith will have the cognate substantive and the requisite termination, and make his own adverb. “You really must not use this particular verb transitively,” pleads the grammar. Mr. Meredith is sorry, perhaps, but he is just about to put more into six words than most people can get into sixty, and he cannot give up the pleasure to oblige the grammar. Verbs are understudied by nouns, when Mr. Meredith arranges the parts of speech. If the verb does not come just when it is wanted, if it misses a meaning by the finest shade, or if it involves an

expression of too great length, that verb has no chance of employment; a handy little substantive is conjugated in its place. Syntax becomes nothing but a sacrifice, butchered for the brevity of an epigram. Two sentences flash out one after another, and illuminate a whole scene for us; it is forked lightning, and dangerous to conventional correctness of speech.

It would be puerile to point out that much licence may fairly be given to Mr. Meredith. But there are passages in this book which make us inclined to ask whether he always uses that licence wisely and without excess. Certainly we do not always get a due reward in compression and brilliance; sometimes he seems to be merely flying blindly from the conventional, and discarding the definite article to assist his flight. It is an imprudent course to take, because it sometimes leads him into a style which is not his own, but which is the property of Thomas Carlyle. However, in pathetic and dramatic passages we see these fantastic experiments put on one side; he becomes stronger and simpler, more intelligible to minds of the circulating-library order. At present he is master of his own style; it obeys him perfectly. But too much indulgence may spoil the discipline in the end.

In the first volume the reader requires a little faith; he finds himself irritated by toys and perversities; he is some little time before he gets any grasp of the situation and realises the purport of much of the dialogue in the early pages. At the conclusion of the first volume he will know perhaps this much: Victor Radnor married in his youth an old woman for the sake of money, and left her. He took to live with him as his wife the old woman's companion, Nataly Dreighton. One almost detects the average circulating-library intelligence asking if it can really be pleasant to read of such people. At the conclusion of the whole story he will not be asking that question; he will be full of pity for Radnor and love for Nataly if he has any humanity worthy of consideration. Victor Radnor is prosperous, buoyant, and happy; he loves his Nataly and their child, Nesta, one of the sweetest souls that Mr. Meredith has ever given us; and they love him as dearly. He has all that wealth and no little culture can bestow. And yet over all there is a shadow. That old woman, Victor's legal wife, Mrs. Burman Radnor, is the shadow which haunts them. She will let Victor and Nataly live in a decent obscurity; but if he dares to lift his head—to use his wealth to bid for a position in county society, she sets her mysterious agencies to work, and Nataly can no longer remain at Crayen nor at Crickholt. Vindictive yet pious, she will not set him free by divorce; and fate will not release him by her death. She is dying, he hears continually, and yet she will not die; neither will she forgive. She is a black cloud coming across the sunlight. The French cook is perfection; the concert evenings go brightly and pleasantly; Victor's friends, Colney and Fenellan, are well worth listening to; success is his; popularity is his; Lakelands is his, waiting for him to inhabit it. And yet he cannot make the gentle, patient, sensitive Nataly his wife in name as in fact; and his daughter, Nesta, is growing up and does not know. The pathos of the first two volumes lies in the “and yet.” Mrs. Burman Radnor dies at last; the forgiveness comes at last; and the tragedy of the third volume lies in the words “too late.” We doubt if Mr. Meredith has ever written anything stronger, anything more absolutely convincing, than the latter chapters of “One of Our Conquerors”; he simply has the reader in his power, and does with him whatever he will.

And these concluding chapters will take the reader back again in thought to the first volume, and make him thankful that he was content to read by faith. The toys and perversities of the first volume are part of the tragedy of the third. What seemed then

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to be notes struck at random, sound in the conclusion as one part in the music. Even the smallest things come back with fresh significance. Victor stumbles and falls on London Bridge, in the first chapter; he spoils a white waistcoat; he hears the word "punctilio" used queerly; he chases an idea and loses it. The full value of all the space lavished on these trifles is given us in the third volume. In the chapter headed "An Expiation," where Mrs. Burman Radnor—old, horrible, dying—receives Victor and Nataly in her drawing-room to bestow upon them her forgiveness, Victor's habit of wearing a white waistcoat at a season of the year makes one of the ghastly, impressive incongruities of the scene. Victor and Nataly were only to be with Mrs. Burman Radnor for ten minutes:—

"They were certainly now on the five minutes. Now for the five minutes downward and onward! Nataly should never have been allowed to come.

"The white waistcoat" struck his ears.

"Old customs with me always!" he responded. "The first of April, always. White is a favourite. Pale blue, too. But I fear—I hope you have not distressing nights? In my family we lay great stress on the nights we pass. My cousins, the Miss Davidneys, go so far as to judge of the condition of health by the nightly record."

"Mrs. Burman communed within or slept. 'Victor, Natalia, we will pray,' she said.

"Her trembling hands crossed their fingers. Nataly slipped to her knees.

"The two women, mutely praying, pulled Victor into the devotional hush. It acted on him like the silent spell of service in a church. He forgot his estimate of the minutes; he formed a prayer; he refused to hear the Cupid swinging; he droned a sound of sentences to deaden his ears. Ideas of eternity rolled in semblance of enormous clouds. Death was a black bird among them."

So, too, that word "punctilio," used queerly and vexatiously, is taken up again and again. When in the last chapters Victor has lost his reason, he still remembers that word, and uses it horribly.

To the minor characters only a few words can be given. Skepsey, the serious, pugilistic, erratically chivalrous, will please everybody. Colney, the much-quoted, the satirist, has too heavy a touch; Simeon Fenellan is lighter and a shade more natural in his wit. Especially true—and not particularly pleasing, if that really matters—is the sketch of Mrs. Marsett. Nesta's three lovers are equally good.

It would be possible to find more fault. There is no doubt that Mr. Meredith cannot always keep his own wit out of other people's dialogue; when he has a good thing to say, it may go down to Colney or Fenellan if they happen to be present or can be conveniently quoted; if not, it must be put down to someone else—suitable or otherwise. We might even stoop to the meanness of correcting misprints, mistakes in spelling or punctuation, or mark the proper names of the characters. In noticing some books this might be well; it is not well here. In the presence of so strong a story, and of such wonderful insight into the secrets of human nature, criticism of this kind seems trifling. We do not, on the whole, consider this to be Mr. Meredith's best novel, but it is well worthy of him.

A POET'S PARADISE.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE. By William Morris. London: Reeves & Turner. 1891.

It is a thousand pities that Socialists should quarrel rather more than ordinary folk, for their practice, to the bourgeois mind, annuls their precepts. It is said that the very paper that originally published "News from Nowhere," as a serial, is now at a loss for language strong enough to apply to our author, who shows that he himself has graduated high in abuse by sentences like, "A peculiar type of parasites, who called themselves cultivated people," page 77. Mr. Morris is said to belong to the retrograde section of the Socialists—that is to say, he is one of those who are content with illogical absurdities in his programme, as opposed to the Extremists who would prefer to commit absurd logicalities, but whether this definition still holds good it is difficult to say, as the last changes in Socialism are perplexing to

follow. Mr. Morris is saved, however, from the absurdities that attach to his position by one fact: he is a poet, and so long as his productions are good artistically he must be conceded any frame of mind that results in excellence. In the present work, a polemical romance, Mr. Morris, as might be expected, is not at his best. It is a pity indeed, from the point of view of the author's reputation, that he should have added "News from Nowhere" to his collected works, for in thought and execution it is far beneath "The Roots of the Mountains;" but, on the other hand, from the point of view of that "peculiar type of parasites, cultivated people," and "the great class of miserable slaves," its publication will do good, even as "Looking Backward" did good, for "the parasites" will see its basis of sense, and "the miserable slaves" will be taken in by its nonsense. The cultivated will make merry over the fact that Mr. Morris believes in all seriousness that the lower-class Anglo-Saxon has not the same potentialities as the middle-class Anglo-Saxon, and that if the latter could be done away with, the former, instead of hastening to build fresh Birminghams and rear lofty sky signs, would straightway relapse into a comely race with a mediæval outlook, eighteenth century artificiality, and nineteenth century self-consciousness. The general reader will be so pleased with the pictures the author draws of a land where nobody has to work for a living, and everybody can do as he darn please, that he will not stop to analyse and discover the Utopia is only made possible by a reform of English weather as well as of English laws. Mr. Morris's reform of the weather leaves nothing to be desired. The "five dull and the two rainy days to the two bright" of our climate are replaced by fine days throughout the year. Mist and mud and sloppy woodlands and leaden skies, all have no place in the poet's paradise; his women have no duties beyond looking arch and wearing garments of remarkably fine web; his very watermen can ply their trade without getting "a stain" on their blue cloth raiment. Further, on the analogy well known to our readers of the regenerated vegetarian being of extraordinarily handsome and manly physique as compared with the ordinary flesh-eater, Mr. Morris makes his communists better-looking than the Englishman of to-day. In all artistic matters, it goes without saying that the Utopians are Morrisonian to their finger-tips; they are fond of mowing, which is very graceful-looking work, and even in road-making they delight in showing off "with great strokes," though it is true nothing is said of their stone-breaking. Everybody is good-tempered and amiable and gentle in showing off to a degree that would surprise the reader if he did not remember the Utopians are the descendants of his acquaintances; and it is unnecessary to remark that law and order is an obsolete expression to these said descendants, who are incapable of being grasping or aggressive or insolent or even exasperating, so cultivating is the influence of oak bridges on the mind, so ennobling is the atmosphere beneath a gabled roof, as the dwellers in Bedford Park know.

It was perhaps impossible that Mr. Morris should construct his ideal England of a future day without falling into many absurdities, and since he has thought fit to construct it for the benefit of all, he must be praised wholly for his intention and in part for his execution. We would give all the pages of his polemical chapters, and the hackneyed description of "How the change came" *via* Trafalgar Square, and the Break-up of the World Market, for a single additional word picture in his delightful chapters on "Up the Thames;" for, in the latter, he exchanges his hobby for a horse which he knows how to manage. And, again, many of the tedious historical passages are lightened here and there by the occurrence of happy thoughts and happy phrases. The "Clearing of the Misery" is excellent Morrisonian for the pulling down of London; and to place a wood between Hammersmith and Paddington in

the London of 2006 is a stroke of audacity near to genius. For Mr. Morris's intention in writing "News from Nowhere" all must give him praise. His moral—be poetical and the rest will come—is one that needs taking to heart in these days of "the leadenest drab dye."

POEMS—OLD AND NEW.

FANCIES ON FACTS, AND OTHER POEMS. By the Rev. R. H. Falkner, M.A. London: Eden, Remington & Co.

RHYMELETS. By Edward Locke Tomlin. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

A LADDER OF HEAVEN. Preface by the Bishop of Lincoln. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

WINONA, A DAKOTA LEGEND; AND OTHER POEMS. By Captain E. L. Huggins. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

LYRICS FOR A LUTE. By F. D. Sherman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

NADESCHDA. By J. L. Runeberg. Translated by Mrs. Shipley. London: Elliot Stock.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF GEORGE HERBERT.—SILEX SCINTILLANS, ETC. By Henry Vaughan, "Silurist." Aldine Editions. London: George Bell & Sons.

It may be said broadly that there are three kinds of poets—employing the word as inclusive of all verse-writers—those who turn out garments, those who put some kind of body into the stuff they shape, and those who inform their work with a soul. As a rule it will be found that diction and passion, the garment and the body, are most delicately wrought, and, in the old-time phrase, most loftily built, when the essence of the poetry is spiritual, when it has a soul. Few poets consciously endeavour to make only garments; but it is the misfortune of many that they are unable to carry their creative labours further. There is no necessity, in the nature of things, why those poets who, doing their best, succeed in making only the trappings of poetry, should be anathematised, except, perhaps, when the trappings are badly made—and that is what too often happens if there be no measurement to work to, no body to fit. Even then, however, it is wise and humane not to invoke the thunder. Torture always undid its purpose; so let us be merciful.

For the Rev. Mr. Falkner, Rector of Woodham Walter, it is well indeed that, as he himself says, he has reached the peaceful state where fame has little to offer, and criticism has lost its terrors; because an "anxiety to teach whatever we have found and held fast as truth" is no reason for the publication of the most unreadable volume of verse we have seen for some time. A better excuse may perhaps lie in the fact that Mr. Falkner found these "Fancies on Facts" a "burden on his mind." Publication will doubtless bring him the relief he desires, although the cure, indifferent as Mr. Falkner thinks himself, is likely to be accompanied by some rather sharp pangs, since every page of his book contains something or other to tempt a satiric pen. Of our eight poets Mr. Falkner is the only one we feel disposed to condemn as having failed even to make garments.

The measure of the "Palace of Art" and "The Dream of Fair Women" has had a great attraction for the author of "Rhymelets." When the imitation is close, the verses are pleasant; but when Mr. Tomlin attempts a cadence of his own, disaster overtakes him.

"Better to live with hopes of nearer heaven,
To join the Church's chorus of 'I know,'
If to believe can exoterically leaven
The earth-life dough."

It is difficult to credit the author of that absurd stanza with the quaint satiric poem "A Dream," in which a procession of the dead are seen "bearing their tombstones back and front like sandwichmen."

The Bishop of Lincoln has written a preface to "A Ladder of Heaven," commending it as likely to be helpful at the present time:—

"A verse may find him who a sermon flies."

The main poem in the volume is intended for the consolation of the bereaved. If its pathos is some-

what commonplace, its piety is as unaffected as the blank verse in which it is written is unpretentious. The shorter pieces call for no comment.

"The odour of the baleful cigarette
Assails us now"

—baleful because, according to Captain Huggins, it is typical of the inferior side of modern life. Winona, the heroine of the title-poem of Captain Huggins's book, ended her brief, passionate life in Lake Minnetonka before the days of "Richmond Gem" and Strauss's music. Captain Huggins is not at home in the rhymed pentameter:—

"Winona's uncle, and step-father too,
Was all the father that she ever knew,"

is as awkward a couplet as any Crabbe ever perpetrated; but the verse improves towards the end, where the action becomes more rapid. One-half of the volume consists of translations from the French and Spanish. The execution of these is in most cases admirable, and the best of them is better than the author's original verse—a fact all the more remarkable since Captain Huggins has chosen such difficult poets as De Musset and Gautier. In the matter of fidelity, Captain Huggins belongs rather to the school of Dryden and Pope than the school of Rossetti and Swinburne. That said, we have nothing but praise for his "Visions" and "To My Critics," from De Musset, and his "Art," from Gautier. His version of the latter's "Barcarolle" lacks the spontaneity of Mr. Swinburne's imitation of the same poem, and is altogether too expansive. Gautier's Gallic "jeune belle" bourgeoise into a Teutonic "sun-bright maiden;" but probably it was part of Captain Huggins's intention to translate, in the sense of changing, the sentiment as well as the language. Of his sonnets, "La Diva" and the three "In Memory of John Brown" are distinctly above the average.

There is body, if not something higher, in the last volume; and so there is in "Lyrics for a Lute." Mr. F. D. Sherman is known to us as joint author, along with a Mr. Bangs, of a comic version of some fairy stories entitled "New Waggings of Old Tales." He was responsible for the verse portion of that odd book, and, good as his parodies were, we did not expect from him anything so elevated in feeling, and so nearly perfect in execution, as these lyrics. Mr. Sherman has apparently learnt the art—which the best poets sometimes never learn—of being silent when he shouldn't sing. Wherever the desire to experience the old rapture has led him to force the muse, the result is frigid and conceited; but this he seldom does. He is most successful in such pieces as "The Last Letter," and in his poems on books and on the shows of Nature. These are subjects which have been loaded with the sentiment of ages; and it is easy to fashion a new jewel from the old metal. It is just here, however, that Mr. Sherman's work rises above the ordinary *vers de société*, and inclines us to regard him as almost an American Austin Dobson, for he also can fuse the old gold with virgin ore of his own.

It is over a dozen years since anything of Johan Ludwig Runeberg's appeared in an English dress. Messrs. E. Magnusson and E. H. Palmer translated a selection from the Finnish poet's shorter works, but, although the renderings were admirable, the book is hardly known. We are sorry to say that Mrs. Shipley's version of "Nadeschda" is even less likely than the work just mentioned to spread Runeberg's reputation in this country. It is not the fault of the story, which is simple and strong, and as pathetic as the history of Griselda—a better specimen of this European Longfellow's work could not have been chosen; but the translation seems to be too literal, and it certainly lacks grace and spirit.

The Aldine editions of George Herbert and his disciple Henry Vaughan, the "Silurist," are issued together. Dr. Grosart is an ideal editor; and his own edition of George Herbert is the most complete.

Still, his selection in the Aldine Series contains all that even a scholar requires to know. In thought, imagination, and style, Herbert is "autochthonal after a remarkable type"; but his imitator, Vaughan, is a truer poet, inasmuch as his thought goes deeper, and he sings with a more "full-throated ease." Both these reprints, in a series too well known to require any commendation, have been carefully revised.

THE MAGAZINES.

MR. GLADSTONE, reviewing in *Murray's Magazine* Dr. Smiles' "Memoirs of John Murray," finds a strong and genuinely human element marking and following the whole course of the great publisher's life—a humanity which impressed much of the stamp of chivalry on a trading career. In a review of the same book in *Blackwood*, the writer notices that Dr. Smiles has fallen into the old error of supposing that Christopher North was editor of "Maga." A busybody once asked William Blackwood whether Wilson or Lockhart was not editor of his magazine. "It is unnecessary for me to say," replied Blackwood, "who is the editor; but whoever the public think equal to being the editor—that is the man for me."

Mr. Swinburne is very rapturous in the *Fortnightly Review* over Sir Walter Scott. Lockhart's selections from the "Journal" gave the impression of a dense and impenetrable cloud of suffering overhanging the close of Sir Walter's life, but now that we have before us in full the great man's own record of his troubles, emotions, and toils, we find not only dauntless endurance, but elastic and joyous heroism. Mr. Swinburne finds it hard to understand how so honest and loyal a man as Scott should ever have had two weights and two measures for the conduct of others. A very hard thing, we should say, especially if Scott had not two weights and measures for that purpose. But has Mr. Swinburne an absolute standard for the conduct of others, or does he forget that "to understand is to pardon"?

Of the numerous characteristic remarks and extracts from letters to be found in Miss Mathilde Blind's "Personal Recollections of Mazzini"—also in the *Fortnightly*—nothing is more typical of the Italian patriot than this: "Carlyle is the sceptic of sceptics." Miss Blind's article is the most interesting of the biographical papers this month. After it in interest and novelty comes a monograph on Patrick Sarsfield, called the Earl of Lucan, in *Temple Bar*. No Life of Sarsfield exists. We are therefore grateful to Mr. Frederick Dixon, who has gleaned from a hundred casual references as much of Sarsfield's story as is known—little more than the record of some half-score years of brilliant failure. Mr. Dixon's paper is an important contribution to the materials for a history of the revolution of 1688. Sarsfield's two defences of Limerick were the most notable events of his life. The first engagement in which he held high rank as a commander was the battle of Sedgemoor, where he led the Life Guards against the rebel right. Mr. F. A. Knight's paper on Sedgemoor in the *Contemporary Review* may be read in connection with the Life of Sarsfield.

To the *United Service Magazine* Lord Wolseley contributes the first of two papers on the late General Sherman, in which he carries down Sherman's life to the period when the Civil War broke out. In his second article Lord Wolseley proposes to follow Sherman through the great career which the Civil War opened to him, and to examine his military services.

The ears of reviewers may well ring. Every periodical possessed of a literary column has had its joke at their expense during the last week or two—self-satire, we imagine—and now Mr. Archibald Grove has given Messrs. Henry James, Andrew Lang, and Edmund Gosse *carte blanche* to "slate" the slaters, supplementing his last month's "Science of Fiction" with a trilogy on the "Science of Criti-

cism" in the current *New Review*. Mr. James is serious, perhaps a little lofty, and certainly felicitous. Reviewing is a reverberation of platitude and irrelevance. The English critical sense is blunt: as tactile implements addressed to an exquisite process, we islanders excite astonishment. We blunder in and out of criticism as if it were a railway station—the easiest and most public of the arts. Mr. Lang seems to write under protest. He thinks the only kind of criticism worth reading or writing is that which narrates the adventures of an ingenious and educated mind in contact with masterpieces; but he can scarcely conceive a topic less momentous than criticism. Mr. Gosse knows all about it, and thinks, on the other hand, that criticism takes every day a greater prominence, and that it becomes more and more desirable to insist on its importance, and to ensure its welfare. Mr. Gosse's remarks, attacking the writers of slovenly *obiter dicta*, and the exhibitors of unabashed ignorance, may be expected to remind some people of a certain gentleman who, having thrown stones through the windows of his neighbours' houses, made a strategic movement into his own conservatory.

Besides the regular reviews of current books to be found in the *Nineteenth Century*, *Westminster Review*, *Newbery House Magazine*, *Murray's Magazine*, and the *Monthly Packet*, the magazines contain the usual quantity of literary articles, of which we may mention two as being more noteworthy—Colonel Spalding's "Mazeppa Legend" in the *National*, and a paper in *Macmillan* by Mr. Arthur Symonds on De Banville. Mr. Oswald Crawford's "Ibsen Question" in the *Fortnightly* is a curious mixture of nonsense and sound criticism.

Readers who wish to enjoy the farcical fun of Mr. Richard Marsh's "Magical Music" (*Gentleman's*), the good-natured satire of "In the Pack" (*Cornhill*), or of Miss Bertha Thomas's "How I became a Conservative" (*National*), the peculiar humour of "My Novels" (*Blackwood*) by "O. J.," Johnny Ludlow's "Silent Chimes" (*Argosy*), and the dry Scotch pathos of Miss Annie Thompson's "Will Simpson's Funeral" (*Longman's*), will take them before turning to Mr. Hardy's "Midnight Baptism" in the *Fortnightly*, for it dwarfs all the "completed" fiction of the month.

Recent and contemporary occurrences are dealt with in several of the magazines. The Queen's holiday on the Continent has produced articles on Grasse in the *Cornhill* and the *English Illustrated*; the legal and constitutional aspects of the lynching at New Orleans is discussed by Mr. Bryce in the *New Review*, and "Italian Secret Societies" by Mr. Wolffsohn in the *Contemporary*. Mrs. Lynn Linton, in the *Nineteenth Century*, writes of "The Judicial Shock to Marriage." She thinks that all thoughtful men and women feel that we have the true beginning of the end, and that the end may or may not be a better marriage law—a prediction as infallible as it is safe. The same subject is discussed from a legal standpoint by Mr. J. Edmondson Joel in the *National*. Sir Charles Tupper writes authoritatively in the *Contemporary* on the "Political Position of Canada." He declares that no one who takes the trouble to look into the figures can doubt that the adoption of incidental protection in Canada has greatly increased the trade between that country and Britain. How does this agree with Mr. Plimsoll's assertion in his remarkable paper on "Trusts," in the *Nineteenth Century*, that the volume of every nation's trade is in its own hands entirely; that a country has only to remove impediments to the entry of imports in order to secure an equivalent demand for its own productions?

We must conclude this notice with the mention of three other papers out of many that we could recommend, viz.:—"The 'Enormous Antiquity' of the East," by Professor Max Müller, in the *Nineteenth Century*; Mr. Holman Hunt's "Ideals of Art," in the *New Review*; and Mr. Horace Hutchinson's "Essays in the Obvious" in *Murray's*.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

FEW men ever went through life under more terrible physical disadvantages than the late "Arthur Kavanagh," but his pluck was not less conspicuous than his patience, whilst his devotion to duty was of quite exceptional range. It is difficult to indicate in a phrase the position which Mr. Kavanagh held in Irish society. He was the representative of an ancient family, and was the descendant of chieftains who had helped to shape the national annals even as far back as that shadowy period where history fades into tradition. Such a pedigree means more in Ireland than in England, and for many generations the Kavanaghs exercised an authority which they would hardly, perhaps, have claimed over a warm-hearted and imaginative race. Possibly, Arthur Kavanagh's bodily infirmities, and still more the brave manner in which he ignored them, helped to make him popular with the Irish peasantry, but he had other and more substantial claims to their respect. He was a good landlord, a true friend of the poor, and a man who never allowed religious bigotry or class prejudice to determine his action towards his tenants. When he succeeded, at the age of twenty-three, to the family estates, he found them heavily encumbered, but he quietly faced his financial difficulties and laboured early and late during the next quarter of a century, not merely for the improvement of the property, but for the welfare of the people. When at Borris, his ancestral home, he was accustomed to hold a little court under an old oak-tree, and his tenants from far and wide availed themselves of this patriarchal custom to seek counsel or redress. They called him the Father Confessor, and his word was law. During the fourteen years Mr. Kavanagh sat in Parliament, his mental vigour and vivacity made him a general favourite, and in the House of Commons, as elsewhere, the fortitude and unconscious heroism of the man won for him the admiration even of those who were most stoutly opposed to his political opinions. With his political views, we need scarcely say, we are not ourselves in agreement, but it is impossible to read this simple and impressive narrative—largely based on Mr. Kavanagh's own letters and papers—without perceiving that he was indeed what Mrs. Steele describes him, a man in whose life was united the "humble submission of a Christian with the chivalry of a noble race." As a picture of Irish life, in its more engaging aspects, this book is distinctly welcome, and incidentally its pages throw light on problems with which Parliament, at no distant date, will be compelled to deal.

We fail to discover anything exceptionally remarkable, either in point of thought or expression, in the group of "Essays and Reviews" which Mr. Joseph Jacobs has just published in a small but dainty volume. The papers here collected consist of critical estimates of George Eliot, Matthew Arnold, Robert Browning, and John Henry Newman, and they originally appeared, either as reviews of books or obituary notices, in the columns of the *Athenæum*. Mr. Jacobs writes with knowledge and appreciation, but if the accents of sincerity pervade the book, the accents of self-confidence reveal themselves not less clearly. Incomparably the best passages in the book are those which are concerned with George Eliot. Here Mr. Jacobs has something fresh and suggestive to say, and he says it well. His touch is less certain, however, with regard to Browning, nor do we consider his sketch of Newman—now that it reappears in cold blood, and the leisurely fashion of a book—entirely satisfactory. In short, these essays, meritorious though they are, have not in our judgment enough vitality or vigour in their composition to justify the hope that the great law of the survival of the fittest will deal tenderly with them.

M. Imbert de Saint-Amand has constituted himself the historian of the famous women of the French Court at the end of the old régime during the Revolution, and when Napoleon I. was at the height of his power. "The Happy Days of the Empress Marie Louise" is one of six sentimental biographies which have enjoyed a considerable vogue on the other side of the Channel. The picturesque aspects of a brief but brilliant reign are caught, on the whole, with creditable skill, in this showy, and, we are bound to add, rather superficial, narrative. The book is not one to which the serious student will attach much importance, but it is full-flavoured enough to catch the popular taste not only in France but on this side of the water.

* THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ARTHUR MACMURROUGH KAVANAGH. A Biography. Compiled by his cousin, Sarah L. Steele. Portrait. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Demy 8vo.

ESSAYS AND REVIEWS. By Joseph Jacobs. London: David Nutt. 12mo.

THE HAPPY DAYS OF THE EMPRESS MARIE LOUISE. By Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Thomas Sergeant Perry. Portrait. London: Hutchinson & Co. Crown 8vo. (3s.)

GRAVEN IN THE ROCK. A companion volume to "Moses and Geology." By the Rev. Samuel Kinns, Ph.D. With Numerous Engravings. London, Paris, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co., Limited. Demy 8vo. (12s. 6d.)

SCOTT: "LADY OF THE LAKE." Edited, with Preface and Notes, by W. Minto, M.A. ("Clarendon Press Series.") Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 12mo. (3s. 6d.)

THE GARDEN OF PSYCHE. By Benjamin George Ambler. (London: Elliot Stock.)

There never was much love lost apparently between Napoleon and Marie Louise; the marriage was due to political considerations, and it ended disastrously. There are some good descriptive passages in the book, but the style of the work is too rhetorical, and, to our thinking, M. Saint-Amand too often fails to discriminate between the infinitely little and the infinitely great in the story. A word of praise is due to Mr. Perry for the clear and idiomatic English into which he has rendered the book.

"Graven in the Rock" is the title which Dr. Kinns, the author of that well-known book "Moses and Geology," gives to his latest work—a handsome and beautifully illustrated volume of seven hundred pages. The book is the outcome of patient and wide inquiry, and it deals specially with the confirmation given to the historical accuracy of the Old Testament by the Assyrian and Egyptian monuments in the British Museum and elsewhere. Dr. Kinns is a London clergyman who long ago won recognition as a singularly well-equipped scholar of Biblical archaeology. During the last two years Dr. Kinns has spent five or six hours daily in the galleries and library of the British Museum, deciphering the priceless antiquities there collected, and the result of this laborious research is a work of permanent value, and one which, so far as we are aware, is without a rival as an introduction to the "testimony of the rocks," to borrow poor Hugh Miller's expression, so far as the tablets and stones in our great national institution are concerned. The book is written from a somewhat conservative standpoint, but it fulfils to a quite noteworthy extent its own avowed purpose, for it illustrates, and in many instances verifies, the historical statements of Scripture from the Hittite inscriptions and other unimpeachable memorials of a distant and vanished civilisation. The illustrations to the work could not be better, for they consist chiefly of pictorial reproductions of the engraved stones, tablets, monuments, and the like, at the British Museum. Dr. Kinns writes with great clearness, and he is to be congratulated on the undeniable success which marks this attempt to render plain and intelligible, in all their significance, the most recent discoveries in the difficult but fascinating field of Biblical archaeology.

To the school and college editions of English Classics published by the Clarendon Press, Scott's "Lady of the Lake" has just been added. Professor Minto, of Aberdeen, contributes a brief but suggestive introduction, and he is also responsible for seventy pages of critical and illustrative notes. The volume contains a map of Scott's "Lake District," by means of which the reader may follow the chase of the stag from Glenannetny to the Trossachs, the passage of the Fiery Cross through Clan Alpine country, and the king's ride from Coilantogle Ford to Stirling. When George IV. visited Scotland, he dressed on State occasions in the guise of a Highland chief with kilt and sporran. Mr. Minto thinks that the reason of this absurd compliment sprang from the notion, which even then had taken possession of the English imagination, that the Highlands and Scotland are identical. "The main cause of this confusion was undoubtedly the glamour with which Scott's poems and novels had invested the highlandmen." Mr. Minto's remarks on Scott and eighteenth-century criticism are well worth reading.

Were it possible to care for "The Garden of Psyche," its dedicatory sonnet would incline us to do so. It is a sonnet; not merely a poem in fourteen lines. But the poem is altogether without distinction; it purports to be a "mythic masque," in which Cupid, Psyche, Naiads, Chorus of the Dead from Tartarus, Venus, an Old Man, Phantasus, the Children of Sleep, Morpheus, Icelus, the Houris, the Goddess of Night, the Dead from Elysium, Psyche's Sisters, Proserpine, Mnemosyne, Momus, Erato, the Fates, Nemesis, and Hesperus, discourse weakly in Swinburnian lyrics and very blank verse. The subject is one which Mr. Ambler might well have left to Apuleius, Mrs. Tighe, Mr. Pater, and Mr. Bridges—to name no others. At present we are content with their treatment of the most beautiful love-story in the world.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE miniature General Election closed last Friday with the return of a Liberal for the Harborough Division of Leicestershire. In this case a Liberal victory of the most significant kind was secured, MR. LOGAN being returned by a majority of 487 over the Conservative candidate. In 1886 the Tory member had a majority of 1,138, so that the Liberal vote shows an improvement since then of not less than 1,412. Some attempts are being made to minimise this crushing defeat by allegations of mismanagement against the Tory managers. They are charged in particular with having insisted upon putting forward a candidate of their own party, when by rights they should have chosen a Liberal Unionist. These after-thoughts on the part of the supporters of the Ministry can hardly affect the general result of the election, especially when we are able to place beside it the scarcely less brilliant victory in the Stowmarket division, and the reduction of the Tory majority in South Dorsetshire to forty votes. The net result of the miniature General Election has been to drive from the minds of the Ministerialists all thoughts of an immediate dissolution, and to restore the confidence of the Liberals in the issue of the next appeal to the country.

MR. W. H. SMITH was re-elected without opposition for the Strand Division on Tuesday, the Liberal party having gracefully waived any opposition to him on this occasion. He was able in consequence to be in his place in the House of Commons on Tuesday night, in order to move the expulsion of CAPTAIN VERNEY. The occasion was a memorable and painful one. None could dispute the righteousness of the decision by which the House thus cut adrift a most unworthy member; but the pain which was natural on such an occasion was intensified by the fact that at no distant date it will be the duty of the House to take similar action with regard to another of its members, MR. DE COBAIN, who persistently remains out of reach of the warrant which has been issued against him on a heinous and disgraceful charge. Never before in the history of Parliament have two of its members presented so pitiable an appearance in the eyes of the country, and men of all parties will unite in the hope that never again will so foul a stain rest upon an assemblage of which Englishmen have long been proud.

THE prevalent epidemic has almost paralysed the House of Commons during the week. The extent to which it has affected members of Parliament has indeed been remarkable, and unfortunately it seems to have selected some of the most distinguished of our legislators as its special victims. The Opposition in particular has suffered seriously during the past week, both MR. GLADSTONE and MR. MORLEY having been laid aside by the complaint. Happily, in neither case does the attack seem to be a serious one, and we may reasonably hope that before many days have elapsed both these gentlemen will be convalescent. SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, who has so far escaped a visitation to which politicians are apparently peculiarly liable, made an important speech at Newton Abbot on Monday to the Devon Liberal Federation. He ridiculed the

idea of an early dissolution, believing that the Tories were not such fools as to commit political suicide, and whilst declaring himself in favour of Free Education, subject to popular control of the schools, insisted that the Government proposal had proved a failure. Perhaps the most important part of his speech was his emphatic declaration that, whilst the Liberal party was resolved to grant self-government to Ireland, so far as such self-government was compatible with the safety of the Empire as a whole, it would not support Home Rule demanded, as MR. PARNELL now demanded it, in a spirit of hatred and hostility to this country.

WE should be glad to know that the Indian Government have not issued a proclamation offering a reward for the recovery of the Manipuree fugitives "dead or alive." Such a proclamation would have been disgraceful to those responsible for it, and to the country in whose name it was issued. But, though this atrocious act has, happily, not been committed, it is clear that a proclamation somewhat similar in character has been issued. Clearly we must have an early enquiry into the whole subject. Possibly the depressing effects of the influenza have had something to do with the singular apathy shown by the Opposition in the House of Commons on a subject which closely concerns the national honour. Little as we should like to see the Liberals of to-day imitating the factious and unpatriotic conduct of the Tory Opposition from 1882 to 1885, we cannot but think that an extreme and excessive forbearance is being shown by the Liberal leaders towards those who are responsible for the ugly chapter in which the story of the Manipur incident is recorded.

WE do not care to enter into personal controversy with the editors of journals which profess, at all events, to be conducted in the interests of the Liberal party; but, at the same time, we have not the slightest intention of submitting in silence to the slanders of persons who bring discredit alike upon the newspaper press and upon the political party with which they are allied by the manner in which they habitually deal with certain unsavoury subjects. Last week we mentioned the shameful fact that CAPTAIN VERNEY had been a prominent member of "the self-styled party of purity," and had been conspicuous among those who denounced the very crime which he was practising. This simple statement of fact has led the editor of the *Methodist Times* to charge us with having offered "a foul insult to the chaste section (!) of the Liberal party." There is no need to use many words in characterising this assertion. It is absolutely false, unless, indeed, the person who has made it desires us to believe that there are no chaste men or women in the Liberal party save the small but noisy coterie to which he and the late member for North Bucks have belonged. We cannot but regret that anyone who is so anxious to vaunt his own superior morality should have so slight a regard for the elementary virtue of truthfulness.

NATIONAL Provident Insurance is very slow in emerging from the political nursery where it has been known so long. The reason is simply that few social panaceas are beset with so many and such serious

difficulties. Shall the scheme to be adopted provide for any needs but those of old age? Supposing it to be so limited, must subscriptions be lost in case of death before the limit of three-score years, or whatever it might be, is reached? Should the scheme be compulsory; how would the existing friendly and insurance societies be affected? These were among the questions raised by MR. CHAMBERLAIN in opening a Conference of Parliamentary and other friends of the idea at the House of Commons on Wednesday. MR. CHAMBERLAIN suggests that it would not be well to start with compulsion, but that it might be adopted afterwards. He thinks that only old-age insurance could be undertaken, that pensions could not begin before the age of sixty-five—to which one of every two adults is said to attain—and that subscriptions must be lost in case of death before that age.

THE deputation from the Chambers of Commerce that urged on MR. GOSCHEN last Friday the desirableness of Post Office reform and the decimal system got polite promises and sympathy, but nothing more. No doubt cheaper ocean postage can hardly be afforded as yet, unless, as he suggested, the mails are carried by slow steamers; and while such new (and expensive) routes as the new one *via* the Canadian Pacific to Japan are the alternative, the public will hardly acquiesce in that arrangement. Still, if the custom of accepting letters for transmission by private ship were extended and the rates lowered, it would be a great boon to the large class to whom money is still more than time. The advocates of decimal coinage were given some hope—a Select Committee, but nothing more. The un-mathematical philologist of the future may perhaps conjecture that decimal coinage was so called from the appearance of infinite series of decimals on apparently very small provocation; and the fundamental difficulties in the alteration of weights, and still more of small payments, are quite sufficient obstacles for most people.

THE truce between the London County Council and the City Corporation with regard to the water question is to the advantage and the credit of both parties. The City Corporation—if the guarded report presented to the County Council on Tuesday is to be relied upon—wisely recognises and accepts the inevitable. When MR. RITCHIE deserted the City Fathers, as he did in February last, and joined himself to SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, it became practically certain that the water supply of the metropolis would ultimately pass under the control of the County Council. But while the City Corporation lives as a responsible municipal authority, however effete and incapable, it will have to be counted with; and a representation of one in eight upon a Statutory Committee of the County Council, to have management of the water supply, will not be extravagant or dangerous.

WHAT is to be done to the thirteen worthy magistrates of the County of Durham who took upon themselves, in defiance of established custom and, as it turns out, of the law, to "sit upon" a political opponent and commit him for perjury on an indictment which the Superior Court has straightway quashed? We invite the Lord Chancellor to answer this question, and we trust that he will not fail to have his attention called to it by some member of the House of Commons. It is true that SIR HEDWORTH WILLIAMSON and his fellow-justices have been condemned to pay the costs of MR. STOREY's appeal against their illegal decision. But that is not sufficient penalty for an error so gross. Henceforth, no man can feel confidence in their judgment when they are called upon to act in any question into which political feeling can be imported, and

it would be well if in recognition of this fact they were forthwith to retire from the bench.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday raised their rate of discount from 4 per cent. to 5 per cent. As all through the week they had been, in fact, charging 5 per cent., the change was not unexpected, and all careful observers are agreed that it is prudent. The Reserve of the Bank of England is altogether too small; while the Russian Government has such control of the money markets of Western Europe that it may at any moment throw them into confusion. For some years past it has been accumulating large amounts in London, Paris, Berlin, and Amsterdam, and in consequence of the disagreement between itself and the MESSRS. ROTHSCHILD and BLEICHRÖDER, on account of the persecution of the Jews, it is feared that it may withdraw very large sums, and so plunge all the money markets in trouble. It is known that MESSRS. ROTHSCHILD for some weeks past have been collecting gold in America and upon the Continent. It is said that they have already about one million and a half, and it is expected that in the course of a week or two they will have double the amount at their disposal. Besides, early in July the Treasury bills, which the Russian Government took in November last when it advanced the Bank of England one million and a half sterling in gold, will fall due, and the Russian Government can take that amount in gold then if it pleases. There is thus a fear that in a couple of months from four to five millions sterling in gold may be withdrawn by the Russian Government. Happily, New York has been able to spare very large amounts. Still it is not certain that the Russian Government may not call in even larger sums, and if it were to do so in the autumn it might cause very serious trouble. By raising the rate of discount to 5 per cent. the Directors of the Bank of England will probably succeed in attracting gold from the Continent, India, China, Australia, and South America, as well as from New York, and what they bring here they will probably be able to retain. In that way it may be hoped that serious inconvenience will be prevented. The silver market has been very weak, and on Wednesday the price fell to 44½d. per ounce.

ALL through the week the Stock Markets have been greatly disturbed, and there has been a very heavy fall, especially in Portuguese and Spanish bonds. The chief cause of the disturbance, of course, is the crisis in Portugal, which creates a fear that there may be difficulties soon in Spain, and that the Paris market may be thrown into confusion. Besides, alarmist rumours have once more been circulated in London, and the fear that the Russian Government may take a great deal of gold disquiets all operators. Portuguese bonds, which at one time last year were as high as 68, have been as low this week as 37½. Spanish bonds have fallen heavily also, though not quite so much, and for a day or two there was a sharp fall in all securities dealt in upon the Paris Bourse. The great bankers in Paris, however, have combined to support the market, and it is hoped now that a crisis in Paris will be avoided. Home railway stocks and even consols fell also, and American railroad securities have lost within a fortnight the whole rise of the preceding six weeks. If there is a revolution in Portugal, alarm will revive, and there will be another fall. On the other hand, if order is maintained in Portugal, and if there is not a crisis in Spain, the probability appears to be that there will be some recovery for a while; but prices in the international market have been too high for a long time past, and it is certain now that they must decline. There may be no sharp crisis, but there must be a liquidation of the bad business that has been accumulating, and that must bring about a lower level of prices.

THE LIBERAL ADVANCE.

THE result of the miniature General Election has been the rout of the Ministerialists, and the destruction of the hopes they had built upon the foundation of Mr. Parnell's treachery. No amount of special pleading can explain away the fact, that of six seats which a few weeks ago were held by the Tories, two have now passed into the keeping of the Liberals, whilst a third has only been retained by the barest majority. If the friends of Lord Salisbury in the press pretend to think that the return of a Conservative for the City of London, or for a pocket-borough like Whitehaven, is a set-off to the loss of seats at Stowmarket and Harborough, and to the reduction of a majority of one thousand to one of forty in Dorsetshire, they are welcome to do so. No practical politician who knows his business can misunderstand the real significance of the results attained in the case of the three constituencies we have named. For these three places represent the typical constituencies upon whose vote at the next General Election the character of the new Parliament must depend. We know what Tory strongholds like the City and decaying little boroughs like Whitehaven will do at the General Election, just as we know what the great manufacturing constituencies of the West Riding will do. Certain places are apparently foredoomed to return supporters of the reactionary party, just as there are other places which are certain to remain true to the party of progress. But that which as yet we only know in part is the manner in which the new county constituencies will act when next an appeal is made to them. The three elections we have named go far towards informing us on this point.

That "free education," as a bribe offered to the constituencies by people who do not themselves believe in it, has failed, is made evident by the results of the three last elections. Mr. Goschen has sold the precious birthright of his self-respect for something less than a mess of pottage, and Mr. Chamberlain has gained nothing by his haste in swallowing his old opinions. Much as the labouring classes of England desire to gain free education, they intend that it shall be a reality and not a sham when it is given to them; and they do not see any reason for being grateful to those who proclaim their willingness to bestow the boon upon them, not as an act of justice, but as a mere electioneering move. All this makes for good, and it simplifies the situation not a little. That it also implies some further delay before the present Parliament is dissolved must we fear be taken for granted. The advisers of the Government who were hot for an early dissolution a few weeks ago have changed their tune, and once more Lord Salisbury is bidden to trust to the virtues of the Septennial Act. We regret this fact for many reasons, and above all, because every day makes it more plainly apparent that the present House of Commons is moribund. Its strength has departed, and it can now only drag on a useless and contemptible existence.

But if we are to have a further breathing-space before the General Election, it behoves Liberals to make good use of the time thus granted to them. The harvest is ripe for the Liberal reaper in other places besides Stowmarket and Harborough; but he must thrust in his sickle if he is to profit by it. Last week we told the story of how Stowmarket was won. It was a story of hard work, of patient plodding and perseverance in the face of difficulties. Stowmarket was a kind of Inkermann—a "soldiers' battle," which was carried by the steady "pegging-away" process that has so often proved more effectual than

the most daring or brilliant strategy. There are scores of other constituencies to-day in the very position in which Stowmarket was when Baron de Stern began the contest. The sympathies of the rural population are with Liberalism. All that is needed is to enlighten and organise those sympathies by steady work in the villages. In those villages it will be the duty of the Liberal candidates to plant the germs of a system of local self-government. The time is at hand when the reign of squire and parson in rural England must come to an end, and when the villager must share with the dweller in the borough the right of ordering the affairs of his own household and his own commune. In what manner this end is to be accomplished, and how far it is to be made consistent with genuine Liberal principles, must depend greatly upon the action of Liberal candidates and organisers themselves. They start with an immense advantage. Now that the labourer has at last satisfied himself that the ballot is no cunningly devised fraud, but a real safeguard, all his inclinations will lead him to give his vote in support of those who are the traditional enemies of privilege. It will be the fault of Liberals themselves if, in spite of this latent bent of his mind, he is turned away from them and led into the enemy's camp. But, to bring about the right result will require not only hard work, but a thorough appreciation of the real wants of the villagers and rural labourers on the part of Liberal agents and workers. What the villagers demand is something more than mere verbal sympathy with them in that hard lot which leads them by a path of unbroken toil and privation from their cradles to the union. They ask that the village charities of the land shall no longer be under the exclusive management of their social superiors; they ask that the administration of justice shall cease to be bound up with the preservation of game and the abuse of the rights of property; above all, they demand their own enfranchisement, and the conferring upon rural as well as urban communities of the right to secure land for public purposes at the public cost. These are but the beginnings of the reform which is at hand in the rural life of England. Some members of the Liberal party may, perhaps, shrink from the open advocacy of these changes—just and beneficial as they must be. But we trust that the party as a whole will show greater wisdom and a more robust faith in the principles it professes than these timid souls. At all events, if we are to have the support of the rural constituencies at the next General Election—and, other things being equal, it is clear that this support is within our grasp—we shall have to fill the mind of Hodge with the conviction that we understand and sympathise with his aspirations, and are determined, so far as consists with justice, to give practical effect to them.

LOST REPUTATIONS IN PARLIAMENT.

AN amusing paragraph in Tuesday's *Standard* conveyed to the world the information that "an impression prevailed" among the members of the House of Commons that the building was infested with influenza microbes, and that, consequently, the Government were to be asked to have it "thoroughly fumigated" during the Whitsuntide holidays. The influenza is in itself too serious a matter to be joked about, and yet, if the microbe which is responsible for the existence of this particular disease were the only evil from which Parliament is now suffering, we could afford to regard the fact with equanimity. Unhappily, this is not the case. On Tuesday night the House of Commons

had to perform the most painful duty that is ever imposed upon it. The body which has so long prided itself on being the first assembly of gentlemen in Europe, had solemnly to expel one of its own members for infamous conduct. A more dangerous microbe than that of the influenza must have crept into the representative Chamber before Captain Verney could have fallen to the depth of shame in which he now lies overwhelmed. Happily, the case of this man is an exceptional one, and we may well hope that Parliament will seldom be called upon to repeat the painful operation it had to perform on Tuesday. And yet, though cases of moral degradation are fortunately rare, it cannot be doubted that the House of Commons has become the home of lost reputations. We have only to glance at some of the most prominent members of the Treasury Bench in order to understand to how large an extent this is the case.

A few months ago, when we wrote of Mr. Goschen as "a politician on the wane," there was a cry of derision from almost the entire press. The high-Tory and the holy-Radical joined in pouring contempt upon the notion that the present Chancellor of the Exchequer had passed the zenith of his reputation. "If ever," wrote one sagacious critic on the Liberal side of the House, "there was a politician 'on the make' instead of on the wane, it is Mr. Goschen." Well, time which tries everything has tried and justified abundantly our verdict on the Chancellor of the Exchequer. With all his ability, which we shall be the last to deny, with his knowledge of finance, his very considerable powers as a rhetorician, his subtlety and dexterity in debate, he has proved the most conspicuous Parliamentary failure of our time. His financial policy is rotten, and his ingenious schemes for turning imaginary surpluses to the advantage of his party have not only miscarried, but have involved the Government of which he is a member in the most serious dangers. The Van and Wheel Tax, the Publicans' Compensation Scheme, and now the Free Education proposal, have been brought forward in turn with a mighty flourish of trumpets, and paraded before the world as the infallible means of giving the Tory party a majority in the next Parliament; and each in succession has proved a Dead Sea apple—bitter to the taste however fair it might be to the eye. Is it surprising in these circumstances that your average Tory, who is always a little afraid of anything in the shape of intellectual superiority, should now be turning round upon the brilliant hostage delivered by the Liberal Unionists into the hands of their distrustful allies, and should be denouncing him as the Jonah of the Ministerial barque? Mr. Goschen, we may rest assured, will not be thrown overboard, however loudly Lord Salisbury's patriots may clamour against him. He will stick to the ship to the last, and go down with it in the hurricane of the next General Election. But none the less is his one of the lost reputations of the present Parliament.

Nor is it difficult to add to the list of Ministers who have failed conspicuously and ignominiously. "Threatened men live long," and that possibly may be the reason why Mr. Matthews still sits on the Treasury Bench. But the fact that the Prime Minister has not yet dispensed with his services cannot alter the conviction of every man in the House of Commons that he is the very worst Home Secretary of modern times. There positively seems to be no limit to his capacity for blundering. In great things, as in small, he has that fatal tendency to take the wrong course which is the infallible mark of "the unlucky man"—the man whom it is the duty of everybody to avoid. From

the battle of Trafalgar Square down to the last case in which his aid has been invoked for the redress of justice's injustice, he has never failed to leave upon those around him an impression of fussiness and feebleness which more than justifies our statement as to his place in the category of modern Home Secretaries. It is not surprising that even good Tories have been heard to congratulate themselves upon the fact that a General Election would at all events enable the country to "get rid of Matthews."

Running the Home Secretary very hard in the race of unpopularity is the Attorney-General. It is very difficult to criticise this extraordinary individual properly. When he took office he had a splendid reputation as a lawyer, a man of honour, and a Christian. Where is that reputation now? Far be it from us to impute any conscious hypocrisy to Sir Richard Webster, even although his airs of self-righteousness have been almost as obtrusive as those of Captain Verney. We believe him to be a sincerely good man, whose private life is without a stain. We are quite certain that he would not knowingly do anything to injure the character of the great profession of which he is the titular head. And yet so singular has been the course of misfortune which has pursued him during his tenure of his present office, that again and again men have pointed at him as a reproach and a bye-word. He is the man who vouched for the honour of Pigott to the House of Commons, and who more recently has vouched for the truthfulness of Hurlbert in the Royal Courts of Justice. So unhappy has been in his relations with his clients that he has been tormented during the present week with questions as to his intention to institute proceedings for perjury in a case in which he has himself acted as advocate. So unfortunate have been his experiences as Head of the Bar and Private Advocate, that it is morally certain that he will be the last Attorney-General who is permitted to complicate his official functions by taking private practice. Whatever respect men may justly feel for him personally, he has been ill-fated enough to destroy popular respect for the office he now holds, at all events whilst it is held under present conditions. Bold indeed would be the man who would venture to declare that the Attorney-General's was not one of the lost reputations of the present House of Commons.

There remains Mr. Raikes, and of Mr. Raikes it is necessary to say absolutely nothing. His failure is gross and palpable; acknowledged even by his warmest friends, deplored by everybody. There is not an official in the Post Office who is not looking forward with eagerness to the downfall of the present Government, because it will bring with it a change in the Postmaster-Generalship. Mr. Raikes, for the moment, may be allowed to complete the list of the lost reputations of the Treasury Bench. And yet how easily that list might be extended!

THE MANIPUR PROCLAMATION.

THE ugly shadow of dishonour which rests on the contrivers of the Manipur trouble will be deepened by the story of the Chief Commissioner's proclamation, setting a price on the heads of the native leaders. It is true that the account published in the *St. James's Gazette* from a native paper has been partially denied by Lord Cross, in the name of the Viceroy. But there is no commoner trick in the official bag than that of concealing the truth about one fact by telling it about another, and that is clearly what the Government have been doing in the Manipur affair. The proclamation which the cynical society organ that published it placarded through

London as "disgraceful," simply stated that a reward had been offered for the capture of the Regent, the Senaputty, and the other Manipuri chiefs. The implication, possibly, was that the heads or the persons of these gentlemen would be equally acceptable to Her Majesty's Government. It is this, and not the fact of the proclamation, to which the Viceroy's denial applies. We have not offered from one to five thousand rupees for the heads of the patriot leaders of Manipur. We have simply asked for their seizure and delivery—"with care"—to the nearest magistrate, and thence to the public hangman. Obviously, then, if zeal stimulated by rupees outruns discretion, and the Senaputty's head is presented to the Viceroy in a charger, we shall not be responsible. It is singular, however, that the day after Lord Cross was declaring in the one House that the Viceroy would never sanction the proclamation, Baron de Worms remarked that the Secretary of State saw no objection to it. No objection to a general licence to the wild men of Manipur to hunt down their late governors, and, barring inevitable accidents of the chase, to bring them alive before the representatives of a foreign Power! We suppose not. The precedent, however, might be a trifle awkward if it were too rigidly applied. It has not yet occurred to our diplomacy that Lord Salisbury's difficulty with African Portugal might be settled by a proclamation ordering the capture of the King, and his consignment to Windsor.

We are prepared to admit, however, that the precedent applied to the unhappy men whose country we have ruined, whose Government we have destroyed, and whose lives we threaten with our proclamations, is in thorough harmony with a certain side of our Oriental diplomacy. In some respects it is a very trifling improvement on Warren Hastings' dealings with the unhappy Nuncomar, a transaction which in less robust times than those of Mr. Cecil Rhodes called down on the offender the thunders of the greatest orators and statesmen of the day. But Commissioner Quinton's treatment of the Senaputty is very nicely paralleled by Consul Johnston's method of managing King Ja Ja, who is now reflecting in St. Vincent on the folly of trusting an Englishman's word. Ja Ja had a dispute with Lord Salisbury, and was invited by Mr. Johnston, in terms of the most profuse friendliness, to settle it at a personal conference. The guileless Ja Ja walked into the trap, which, having been first baited with a safe-conduct, was mercilessly closed upon him. He was informed that he was a prisoner, and that if he attempted to escape he would be shot like a dog. The savage submitted with sullen bitterness to the lesson in Christian and civilised diplomacy, and was haled off to exile, his people left kingless, his country in confusion.

What happened to Ja Ja is very fairly paralleled by Mr. Quinton's treatment of the Senaputty. Mr. Grimwood has told that shameful story—a story which, if we mistake not, will have a worse effect on Indian bazaars than ten thousand "Russian agents." We doubt whether there is a greater diplomatic offence than that of decoying a native prince to a durbar with the intention of arresting him during its progress. The story told in Mr. Quinton's defence that the Senaputty had cognisance of the steps which were being taken against him, is no answer to the frightfully grave charge of using the durbar as a means of entrapping an adversary invited to friendly conference. It is precisely the traditional freedom of our officials from the maze of trickery which is the Eastern idea of diplomacy, that has given us our character of the strong man armed in his integrity. Where is that character

now? The dead lips of Mr. Grimwood, an official of the better, and we hope we may say the usual, English type, have testified, in the strongest fashion, to his abhorrence of the part which Mr. Quinton forced upon him. The more striking the contrast between the Quinton episode and our usual method of dealing with States which are in no sense part of the British Empire, but which depend, and have at times depended in vain, on our honour, the more baneful is the new precedent likely to become. The men who built up the Indian Empire were, with the exception of Warren Hastings, examples of the rigid temper, the magnificent straightness, the clear honour, which both in India and in Egypt have put us high above every European competitor for the respect of Orientals. It is precisely this consideration which for very shame's sake should make us pause before we add the crime of blood-guiltiness to that of mean and wanton treachery. The real criminal in Manipur was not the Senaputty and his associates, whom we are now hunting to their doom, but the unhappy man who paid a just penalty for a crime against his country's honour.

THE PORTUGUESE CRISIS.

THE break-down in South America has been quickly followed by a crisis in Portugal, and the causes are pretty similar in both cases. Portugal, like the South American countries, has borrowed far in excess of her means, and has also engaged in reckless public works at home. Her trade has not expanded to any appreciable extent for many years past, her people are without enterprise, her agriculture is not prosperous, and her banks appear to be badly managed. The Government has not pursued a wise policy at home or abroad, and its credit has been severely shaken, first, by the revolution in Brazil—a country with which Portugal is most intimately connected both by ties of kindred and trade—and secondly, by the conflict in which she has engaged with this country in South Africa. The crisis began last week with a run upon the banks. There had been a reckless over-construction of railways in the neighbourhood of Lisbon and other large towns, and there had likewise been too many new houses built. Recently the construction both of houses and railways had greatly fallen off, work-people had been thrown out of employment, and the banks that supported these undertakings had got involved in difficulties. The trade of the country, too, for a considerable time has been much depressed. But perhaps the greatest evil from which the country has been suffering is the unwise financial policy of the Government. For long years past the revenue has never been equal to the expenditure. The country has been spending much more than it could afford to raise, and it has covered the difference by borrowing either openly or covertly. Very often it has borrowed in both ways—that is to say, by raising a floating debt at home, and, at the same time, floating a foreign loan in London, Paris, or Berlin; and sometimes in all three. From the 1st of July, 1884, to the end of June, 1889—a period of five years—there was an annual average deficit of £1,700,000, and last year there was another large deficit. During these five years the revenue averaged about 7½ millions per annum. The average deficit, it will thus be seen, was about 22 per cent. of the revenue, the significance of which will be understood if we suppose that, with our own revenue of nearly 90 millions a year, we had for five years

running an average deficit of, say, £14,000,000 or over.

With annual deficits amounting to over one-fifth of the total revenue recurring five years in succession, it will be understood, of course, that the debt had to be increased very rapidly. For a long time it has been patent to all careful observers that this could only end in a crash. Warnings without number have been given; but so long as the Government found its credit good, it shut its eyes to the consequences, and so did the great financial houses that had committed themselves to the business. But the public, it is clear, had taken the warning to heart sooner than most people supposed, and the financial houses, therefore, were not able to transfer to the public the burdens they had taken upon themselves. Last year an attempt to float a loan in Paris failed; later in the year the Finance Minister opened negotiations in London, but was not able to induce any London house to bring out a loan for him; and this year a loan could be obtained in Paris only by selling one of the most valuable sources of revenue—the tobacco monopoly. The public subscriptions to the issue, however, were very disappointing in France, and in Germany they were almost altogether absent. In the meantime, the Government had borrowed too largely from the Bank of Portugal, and thus disabled it from giving the assistance to trade which was required; and the other banks appear to have been injured very materially by the break-down in the building trade and in the construction of railways. The result was last week a run upon the banks, caused partly by the discredit into which the banks themselves had fallen, and partly by the knowledge that the failure of the tobacco monopoly issue in Paris and Berlin would involve the Government in the most serious difficulties. Immediately, it is true, the Government will not be embarrassed, for the syndicate which had brought out the issue had bought the tobacco monopoly outright from the Government, and is bound, therefore, to carry out its part of the contract. But, all the same, it is clear that the power of the Government to borrow abroad is ended for the time being. Towards the end of last week the streets of Lisbon were crowded with people eager to withdraw deposits from the banks, and one of them, the Lusitano, was compelled to stop payment, having first applied to the Government for a delay of six months for liquidating its liabilities. The Government, however, replied that it could not make such an order without applying it to all the banks, and the Lusitano Bank, in consequence, was obliged to close its doors. In the hope of preventing a general break-down of the banking system, the Government authorised the Bank of Portugal, at the end of last week, to pay its notes in silver. Some of our contemporaries argue that the measure was a mistake, and tended to aggravate the very evil it was intended to cure. We cannot ourselves share in that view of the matter. Portugal is clearly too poor a country to maintain a gold standard, and one of the very difficulties it is now encountering is caused by the attempt to keep up that standard. However, the run continued, and the Government was then obliged to issue an order authorising the banks to suspend paying deposits for sixty days.

The final result, of course, must be a compromise of some kind with the creditors of the Government. After a while, if there are not political disturbances, the banking crisis will come to an end and the banks will recover credit. But the Government, it is evident, cannot pay what it has engaged to pay. Its debts of all kinds amount to not far short of 150 millions sterling, entailing an annual interest charge

of nearly 4½ millions sterling. But as the average revenue of the country for some years past has not been quite 8 millions sterling per annum, it is quite clear that Portugal cannot pay 4½ millions a year, or more than half of the whole revenue. Some kind of compromise is therefore as clearly inevitable in the case of Portugal as in the case of Argentina. The danger is that the general discredit of the banks and the difficulties of the Government may provoke a political revolution. The Government has lost repute through its financial muddling, its political mistakes at home, and its rebuffs in South Africa; and moreover, the Republican party has been greatly inspired by the Revolution in Brazil. Naturally the crash in Portugal has made the position of Spain more difficult than ever. The Spanish finances are in an exceedingly bad way; and the connection between the two countries is so close that a crash in one is likely to be followed before very long by a crisis in the other. But the break-down of Portuguese credit, with the fear that it will be before long followed by difficulties in Spain, has already caused a sharp fall upon the Paris Bourse, and threatens to plunge some of the great banking institutions in Paris in serious embarrassments. The danger is all the greater because the postponement of the Russian conversion, and the rumoured quarrel between the Russian Government and the Messrs. Rothschild, had already alarmed investors, speculators, and financiers, and, therefore, very greatly weakened the Bourse.

DEMOCRACY IN TRADE.

TO-DAY the ancient city of Lincoln sees its streets thronged by unaccustomed crowds, and strange accents mingle with the speech of the Wolds. For the next few days the city in the steep oolitic gorge will be full of shrewd and homely men from every county in the kingdom; men sharp and practical, blunt of speech, but kindly withal, their faces, more frequently than is usual, lit up with that subtle glow which tells of lives not wholly spent for selfish ends. One may even fancy, indeed, a vague likeness among them; a composite photograph would show a "Co-operative face"; for it is the gathering of the delegates of the Co-operative movement.

No "May Meeting" compares in interest for the politician or social reformer with this annual congress, at which the great army of Co-operators review the progress of their movement. The "State within a State" which the spiritual descendants of the twenty-eight "pioneers" of Rochdale have won from the competitive world now sees annually a steady expansion of its boundaries. This year the statistics of the Co-operative Union testify to a renewed increase of successful stores, a more than adequate accumulation of capital, and a great growth in the volume of business. The 1,438 Co-operative Societies now include a million members, representing a population of three or four times that number. Their sales come to one-sixth of the aggregate working-class expenditure outside of house-rent and alcohol. The members' accumulated capital now exceeds thirteen millions sterling, a sum doubtless below the wealth of a Hirsch or a Rockefeller, but representing 7 or 8 per cent. of the entire belongings of our thirty million wage-earners. The two vast "Wholesale" Societies have their own Co-operative factories of boots, woollens, biscuits, and other articles of main consumption; they have just opened on Tyneside their own gigantic flour mill; they have their own ships on the sea, their own buyers in foreign centres, their own bank, and

their own newspaper. The whole of this colossal development of non-competitive industrialism is administered by a hierarchy of elected committees almost exclusively composed of working men, and it is managed by a salaried "civil service" of industry, whose "Co-operative Faith" stands to them in lieu of the fortunes they could make in business for themselves. The entire organisation is, indeed, one triumphant demonstration of the practicability of the impossible—industry without private profit, and under democratic control.

What is the real import and significance of this marvellous development? If we were to believe the enthusiastic literary spokesmen of the movement, the survivors and spiritual descendants of the Owenites and Christian Socialists from whom it sprang, we have here the solution of all our industrial problems. To venerable leaders like Judge Hughes and Vansittart Neale, undismayed by a whole lifetime of disillusionment, the Co-operative movement still promises a genuine identification of the interests of producer and consumer, worker and capitalist, master and man. Other observers can see in the 1,400 Co-operative Societies nothing more than a series of cheap shops on a new plan, where advantageous purchases of tea and sugar are ingeniously combined with an automatic savings bank, lectures, and a library. They point to the repeated failures of Co-operative associations of workmen in manufacturing industries, and to the fact that the employés of the distributive Co-operators are mere wage-servants, no better off than their brethren in big private shops, or (to take a more analogous case) than the clerks in the Post Office.

More careful examination of the actual working of the Co-operative organisations shows that neither of these views gives an adequate account of the Co-operative movement. The economist sees that in none of Judge Hughes' panegyrics does he show how the interests of the producer and consumer become identical; how the maker of boots shall cease to desire short hours and high wages, and the wearer of boots shall want them at other than the lowest possible price. Nor is there any indication that the owners of land will really be in the same boat as the hirers of that land, or that the Co-operators of Bootle or Bury will see eye to eye with Lord Derby in the matter of the unearned increment. The comparatively small number of owners of the bulk of the thirteen millions of Co-operative capital can never have identical interests with the crowd of merely one-share members, who virtually pay the annual 5 per cent. upon it. No possible extension of the Co-operative movement can remove the fundamental divergence of pecuniary interest between those who own the main instruments of wealth production and those who use them, or between him who makes and him who consumes any particular commodity.

The sceptic who sees in Co-operation nothing but a federation of successful grocers' shops equally fails to catch the main features of the movement. No mere improvement in the purchase of groceries would have been capable of inspiring all that glow of Co-operative enthusiasm, all that subtle sense of solidarity which unconsciously goes to build up the social "bandwork" of the successful Store. Compare, for instance, the managers and committeemen of the north country stores with the grocers and butchers with whom they compete. These two classes are engaged in the same narrowing occupation of petty huckstering—whence comes the immense moral and intellectual superiority of the Co-operative over the private shopkeeper?

The real significance of the Co-operative movement is, it may be suggested, the extension of demo-

cratic self-government to the world of industry. These humble working men, who have been rather hindered than helped by the unscientific Utopias of their prophets, have stumbled, all unconsciously, on a practical truth. They have shown the possibility of extending to the more sordid and practical side of life that sense of public service, that spirit of public duty, that power of combined action, which has made the Anglo-Saxon successful in the municipality and the democratic State. But they have done more than this. Whilst the economists and philanthropists have been vainly striving to set back the clock, and restore the little self-governing workshop of the last century, the Co-operators have instinctively turned to the right industrial path. Their industrial self-government is the self-government of the democratic citizen, not that of the isolated settler in the backwoods. The open democracy of the Store, an organisation of citizens as consumers, exhibits no futile hankerings after the hand industry or other fancies of industrial individualism. Indeed, the oft-quoted contrast between Co-operative success in distribution and Co-operative failure in production is really a contrast between the flourishing democratic stores with their extremely successful manufacturing departments, and the almost uniform failure of the little associations of craftsmen striving to escape instead of to control the Juggernaut Car of the Industrial Revolution. The limits of the Co-operative movement are set, indeed, not by the illogical distinction between productive and distributive industry, but by the limits of democratic administration itself. Where those limits are no man would to-day venture to say. Where the store stops the municipality takes up the work, and before both these associations of consumers lies an almost illimitable field in which to substitute organised public service for the pursuit of private gain. This substitution is the real inwardness of the Co-operative movement, and even if we doubt its universal practicability, we can but admire its aim and wonder at its partial success.

LONDON UNIVERSITY: THE REJECTION OF THE NEW CHARTER.

ABOUT the rejection by Convocation of the scheme for remodelling the University of London, we have little to say in the way of regret or surprise. It was a foregone conclusion. Nobody, except the authors of the scheme, ever believed in the coalition of incongruous elements and formation of unnatural alliances which was the essence of the compromise drafted by the Senate. Nobody was confident as to the effects. Different mints were to be set up; who could be sure that the coin issued would be of the same value? We are interested, not in Lord Justice Fry's scheme, now matter of ancient history, but in the future of higher education in London and the provinces. The controversy out of which that scheme was born makes it henceforth foolish to say "Let well alone." The University of London may continue its present admirable work as an examining body applying a severe standard. The discussion started in 1884 cannot end with the vote of last Tuesday—great changes must be imminent—if only owing to the growth of a strong desire in many places to create or develop local institutions possessing one day power to confer degrees. Ever since the incorporation of the Victoria University this ambition has become the ideal always present to several towns. The alumni of Queen's College and Mason College, Birmingham, or of the Yorkshire

College, at Leeds, will not be content until they have attained the status actually acquired by Owens College. We do not look forward with unmixed satisfaction to a time when we shall see every high-school designating itself a university, and England covered with as many so-called universities as, say, the State of Ohio, which alone boasts thirty-five. For the present, however, we have too few; and the candid friends of the older seats of learning will own that for the study of some branches of applied science cities such as Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham have clear advantages. Applied chemistry, mechanics, and medicine can be taught there with freshness and vividness barely possible in Oxford or Cambridge. We cannot if we would, and we would not if we could, repress the desire of vigorous communities to become, if not seats of universities in the old sense, centres for the diffusion of knowledge. A second point has become clear in the long controversy. In some form and under some name a real university, teaching as well as examining, should be established in and for London. Already it furnishes the best clinical instruction; what field of observation so wide as the London hospitals? It gives the worst legal instruction in the world; but it might give the best. Excellent work is done by University College and King's College—at the latter, as Dr. Wace mentioned the other day, 3,498 persons get instruction in one way or another in the course of a year; but anyone acquainted with the remuneration of the professors and the attendance at some of the classes will admit that the results might be much better if concentration were carried out. From those knife-and-fork institutions, the Inns of Court, except under compulsion, we expect no co-operation; they will not surrender one jot of their privileges or one farthing of their revenues while they are mainly ruled by irresponsible cliques of professional failures. But the Royal Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians are very much alive to the necessity of enabling the medical student to get in London the degree which he now seeks in Glasgow and Aberdeen. Many of the elements of a great University are already here; some of the conditions are implied in London's central and unique position. Oxford is no longer "steeped in prejudice and port," as Gibbon described it. But Oxford cannot be—no city but London can be—the centre of illumination, the rendezvous of the most illustrious men in many departments of science. In a truly marvellous way Berlin has drawn to itself the pick of the professors and scholars of smaller German universities. Men of surpassing eminence see in Berlin their natural goal. It is not inconceivable that, in no distant age, a teaching university formed on the lines which we have indicated would attract to chairs in a true London university the very best men in every department of knowledge. "If a practical end may be assigned to a university course, I say it is that of training good members of society. Its art is the art of social life, and its aim is fitness for the world. . . . A university training is the great ordinary means to a great but ordinary end; it aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspirations, at giving enlargement and sobriety to the ideas of the age, and facilitating the exercise of political power, and refining the intercourse of private life." Such was Newman's idea of a university—a statement not entirely correct, an ideal unattainable anywhere; but certainly as likely to be nearly realised in London as in Oxford or Cambridge.

A third point to be specially noted is the claim of

the medical student in London. He really seems to have a grievance. He has plenty of facilities for instruction in nearly a dozen rival medical schools. Here he can see more in a month than elsewhere in a year. But he must, as a matter of business, obtain a degree somewhere; and so he must pass the stringent examinations of London University or go to the Scotch Universities. It is no real objection that the present tests deter the dull or idle; but it is no trivial complaint that a youth well equipped for the study of medicine should be obliged to spend so much time over moral philosophy or ethics. We are not at all depreciating the value of a sound scientific training as the basis of technical proficiency when we ask what would be thought of a system under which a clever artist could not become A.R.A. until he had proved his acquaintance with moral philosophy. "What is wanted," says Dr. Garrett-Anderson, "is a pass M.D. degree which can be had in London by persons of moderate or average ability. . . . Provide a scheme for a pass M.D. London degree which shall not be liable to be confounded with the degree gained in the past or in future under the existing and more severe regulations." To concede so much need not mean the levelling down of education; in face of the complaints of the medical profession it is but justice and common prudence.

Now that Lord Justice Fry's scheme is cast aside, two or three plans, and, among others, that of which Dr. Wace is the champion, hold the field. Let us be in no hurry to select one, to the exclusion of all others. Time is on the side of those who look forward to the formation of a true teaching university for London—of those who do not despair of fusing into a whole institutions now discordant and even unfriendly. None of the projects submitted to the Royal Commission satisfy some of the essential conditions of a proper settlement; and the vote of Tuesday last is a warning not to attempt to "rush" immature, half-considered schemes.

THE NEW PLAGUE.

IT is possible that a sudden movement of the weather-glass has saved us from a grave public calamity. At one time it seemed not incredible that the national business would be paralysed by the curious visitation which passes by the name of influenza. Once a mere cold in the head, with no more serious symptoms than a distempered nose, and that filling of the eyes which George Meredith compares under sentimental conditions to a river full of moonlight, the influenza has now attained the dignity of a scourge. It has visited the House of Commons with a much more effectual purgation than that which is associated with the personality of Colonel Pride. It has attacked both sides with a fine superiority to party politics. Mr. John Morley has been snatched from the witchery of Mr. Seymour Keay's eloquence, and Lord George Hamilton has been saved from any pang of envy which might have torn his bosom at the sight of the Warden of the Cinque Ports returning to the House with laurels which somehow have never adorned the brow of the First Lord of the Admiralty. Even Mr. Gladstone, who seemed proof against the thousand natural shocks which assail men of half his age, has not escaped; and his illness has almost stilled the clamour of political controversy, and united all parties in sympathetic interest. The Government Whips and the officials of the House have been prostrated too, and the beloved formalities

of our ancient assembly have been within an ace of temporary effacement. The mind recoils from the thought of what might happen if the Serjeant-at-Arms were unable to carry the Mace, and if the Speaker were left without a clerk at the table. It was on the cards, indeed, that the House of Commons would have to be adjourned indefinitely, and the cynic of small talk, to whom the Legislature is the subject of infantine epigrams, swelled with satisfaction at the prospect. What would Ministers have done in such an emergency? Would Mr. Balfour have engaged Mr. Parnell to swing a fumigating censer in front of him, while he woefully explained unintelligible sub-sections to an empty House? Or would the Cabinet have resolved themselves into a Committee of Public Safety, with power to issue mandates from their beds and pass Bills as if they were prescriptions? Luckily this constitutional crisis has been averted, and there is some reason to hope that when the House has been cleansed with sulphur, our legislators may reassemble after Whitsuntide without any fear of finding the influenza microbe enthroned in the Speaker's chair.

But the deadly potency of this disease in some parts of the country almost recalls the popular dread of the plague. In Lancashire and Yorkshire the mortality is so alarming that we read of supplications in places of worship. Probably a good deal of the illness is due to panic, aggravated, it may be, by the apparent helplessness of science. This year has already witnessed one serious disappointment of hopes founded upon medical discovery. Of Dr. Koch's remedy for consumption little is now heard, and there is only too much reason to fear that, except for the purposes of diagnosis, its efficacy has been overrated. In a superstitious age it might well be imagined that the prince of the powers of the air was lord of the bacilli, and that human science was baffled by diabolic cunning. Such a belief would scarcely warrant the employment of sulphur as a fumigating agent, for it might be doubted whether the principle of homœopathy could be judiciously applied to an infernal microbe. But after two visitations of the influenza it is not unreasonable to ask our doctors whether no radical means of prevention is within their present knowledge. It would be some comfort to the public mind to see an International Medical Congress convened for the express purpose of discussing safeguards against an enemy which has twice invaded us with deplorable success. There seems to be no guarantee against an inroad of influenza every year, perhaps with increasing violence. So far we are left without any authoritative explanation of the causes of the epidemic; and the public alarm is naturally intensified by the reticence of the doctors. It would be some relief to learn that the Government proposed to appoint a medical Commission to inquire into the mischief. There are Commissions which are far less practical, and in which the community at large takes very little interest. Mr. Smith and his colleagues might even achieve some much-needed popularity by instituting a scientific inquiry into what is scarcely less than a national affliction. The drooping spirits of the Unionists might be revived by the hope of ministering to a really popular want. Who knows that at the General Election Lord Salisbury might not be able to appeal to a grateful electorate as the statesman who put down the influenza? The Land Purchase Bill excites no enthusiasm, and Free Education has failed as an electioneering cry. At this moment Ministers are manifestly without any idea what to do next, and it is purely out of impartial charity that we make them a present of a policy. If this suggestion be not adopted, it

may at least be hoped that the medical experts of Europe will not submit tamely to the insolent supremacy of the microbe. Diplomats sit occasionally round a green table, and pretend to settle the courses of human destiny. They miserably fail, for in some forgotten quarter of this hemisphere an obscure people is sure to start up and derange all the elaborate calculations of statecraft. If the representative healers of disease were to get a green table of their own, and draw up medical protocols, they could not, at the worst, fail more signally than the political physicians of civilisation, and they would do much to sustain that popular faith in doctors which is as good as a prescription. But if the influenza is allowed to descend upon us again next year in unchastened fury, the prestige of the medical profession will be seriously impaired, and every patient will regard his doctor with cynical misgiving instead of touching confidence.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE past week has on the whole been one of anxiety and expectation; but happily the apprehensions of disturbance have not been realised. The Belgian strike threatens to become general; in Portugal the serious financial crisis, commented upon in another column, seems after all likely to pass off quietly, though no doubt it may be a serious matter, indirectly, for the stability of the present régime; the United States are threatened with Alabama claims from the Presidential party in Chili, and news is hourly expected of a fight between an American and a Chilean cruiser; in Italy a Ministerial crisis is in sight, and the anti-Semitic mania rages in Corfu and Zante. On the other hand, the German Emperor has returned from the Rhine to Potsdam without making any more startling speeches, except, indeed, one in praise of duelling; the split in the Republican party in France, caused by the rejection of the amnesty proposals, seems after all not to be final; the efforts of the Boulangists to make capital out of the slaughter at Fourmies have not been successful; despite the threats of the Russian press, nothing serious has happened in the financial world in consequence of Messrs. Rothschild's action in regard to the new Russian loans; a reported revolution in Costa Rica has turned out a very trifling matter; and the attempted assassination of the Czarewitch in Japan by a native policeman, reported in London on Tuesday, and partly checked by the interposition of Prince George of Greece, seems to have had no political significance whatever, and to have resulted in very slight injuries. One account, however, attributes the fanaticism which caused it to the success of the Russian missionaries in Japan.

On Friday three proposals for an amnesty for all the offenders of May 1st, the most important of which was M. Camille Pelletan's, were before the French Chamber, which rejected them in principle by 296 to 192. About 100 members of the Right voted in the majority, about 20 in the minority, which also comprised 32 Boulangists and 138 Radical Republicans. Amnesties, as M. Fallières, the Minister of Justice, pointed out, had hitherto only followed civil war; and the Government, while anxious to punish the instigators of disturbance, had already released most of their victims—in particular those concerned in the affair at Fourmies. M. Isaac, the suspended sub-prefect to whose mismanagement the disaster is ascribed, has been doing his best to fight a duel with M. Rochefort, but has hitherto been prevented by the Dutch and Belgian police. General Boulanger is said to have been the subject of discussion during one whole sitting of the French Cabinet; and the Belgian Government has cautioned him as to his behaviour. Mr. Cunningham-Graham was expelled

from France—which apparently he was just about to quit—after taking part in a peaceable demonstration at Calais on Tuesday. He was, however, merely conducted from the hotel to the night boat.

The debate on the proposals of the French tariff Commission is said to have reached a high level of excellence. After a moderate and effective speech in their support from M. Deschanel, M. Léon Say on Saturday attacked the Protectionist position, poured contempt on the familiar theory, reproduced by M. Méline, that the increasing importation of Indian wheat is due to the fall in silver, and revived against M. Méline himself Cobden's famous attack on Peel. On Monday he dealt in detail with the burden on the consumer likely to be caused by the new tariff, and treated the Chamber, as he said, to "a cold bath of figures," which seems to have been too much for the reporters. M. Méline in his reply—which also called forth loud applause—dwelt on Indian wheat, on the stimulus to production, and the consequent fall of price which a Protective system is believed by its supporters to produce, and ascribed all recent rise in retail prices to the middlemen—the worst of whom, he said, are the importers. Nothing new remains to be said on either side, and there is, of course, no doubt of the success of the proposals of the Commission—with what results to French industry and to the discontent of the working classes remains to be seen. The Government scheme for regulating horse-racing was carried on Wednesday by 312 to 160. The *pari mutuel* is to be tolerated, and the proceeds taxed for charitable purposes. But all other public betting is to be forbidden.

The Belgian strike is proceeding peaceably on the whole, and it was stated by the Belgian Premier on Tuesday that 69,600 men were out. There has, however, been some return to work since then, especially around Liège. The leaders of the Parti Ouvrier and a section of the Liberals have accepted the inevitable, and done their best to give the strike which they had desired to avert that distinctly political character which was to have belonged to the general strike recently postponed till after the failure of Revision. The workmen of Brussels have resolved to come out this week unless Revision is definitely promised, and attempts have been made to secure those of other towns—especially Antwerp and Ghent. A great demonstration to be held in Brussels on Wednesday was prohibited by the Burgomaster. A section of the Liberal party has petitioned the King and the Chamber to secure the immediate adoption in principle of Revision. The strike is, in fact, simply and solely political; and though two classes of reserves have been called out, and occasional outrages are reported, the leaders are doing their best to preserve peace, and the movement undoubtedly has popular sympathy. A section of the Liberal party is hostile to immediate Revision, fearing that the first effect of universal suffrage would be to increase the Government majority. Absurd reports have been current in Paris that, in case of disturbance, order was to be restored by Prussian troops.

The German Reichstag adjourned on Saturday till November 10 next. In the recess negotiations will be carried on preliminary to commercial treaties with Switzerland, Belgium, Roumania, and probably Italy. Those with Switzerland are already begun. The Labour Law passed its final stage on Friday by a large majority, the minority being chiefly composed of Social Democrats. An appropriation of 1,125,000 marks for the Cameroons was also one of the last acts of the Session.

Queen Natalie's expulsion from Servia is expected at the end of this week, unless some arrangement is arrived at in the meanwhile. King Milan has been extricated from his pecuniary difficulties by the Emperor of Austria, and has gone on to Paris. The new Roumanian Chambers were opened on Monday. M. Bratiano, the ex-Premier, is dying.

Italy has been on the verge of a Ministerial crisis,

due to the systematic absence of members of the Chamber. Certain irregularities having occurred in connection with the election of Signor Papadopoli, at Venice, the Public Prosecutor of the district began proceedings for bribery, and the Government, it is alleged, to avoid inconvenient disclosures, transferred him and a colleague to other posts. A motion of censure introduced by Signor Cavallotti could not be dealt with for several days for want of a quorum. It was finally rejected on Tuesday. Incidentally, a portion of Signor Crispi's old supporters, under Signor Zanardelli—who, it is said, have broken with their old leader—have joined the Extreme Left, forming together an Opposition of about one hundred and fifty members; and there is some expectation that the Cabinet will look more and more for support to the Right alone. Further action on the difficulty with the United States is delayed pending a detailed report from the Italian Consul at New Orleans.

A political crisis seems at hand in Sweden. The two Chambers are in disagreement on the question of extending the franchise: a proposal to secure the neutrality of the country by placing a large sum at the disposal of the King has been rejected; and one of the Ministers has been foolish enough to say that "with compulsory military service the Swedes might go and talk Swedish at Christiania," which has not tended to relax the strain on the relations with Norway.

The hostility to the Jews in Corfu and Zante continues, and in the former island has become more serious. Five thousand Jews are said to be in great distress in the town, and food has been sent them from Dalmatia by the exertions of their wealthier co-religionists. Two Jews are said to have been killed at Corfu, and three Greeks at Zante. England and one other Power—probably Austria—have made representations on the subject to the Greek Government, and English, Austrian, and Italian warships have been despatched to Corfu to protect their respective nationalities. In both islands the Jews are protected from the population by soldiery.

A Chilean steamer, the *Itata*, escaped from San Diego (California) on Wednesday week, after seizure by the United States authorities. The *Itata* has mounted guns and proceeded south, in company with a powerful Chilean insurgent cruiser, the *Esmeralda*. Four ships of the United States navy are in pursuit, and there is every prospect of an engagement. It is not quite clear, however, that the United States ship is entitled by international law to capture the fugitives. The arbitration proceedings seem to have been temporarily checked. There seems no doubt, however, that the Presidential cause is declining, and Arica and Tacna have been secured by the insurgents. The Argentine Congress was opened last week, and the situation there seems slightly more hopeful.

PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATES.

NOW is the time to study at leisure the habits and manners of the candidate for Parliament. Even as once in a series of years the astronomer furbishes up his telescope and observes the transit of a planet across the surface of the sun, so as a General Election approaches, and when consequently candidates are numerous, the curious observer of human nature in all its wayward manifestations hastens to some place where experience has taught him candidates will be found gathered together.

No spot is so favourable for an investigation of this kind as the scene of a contested by-election which takes place when a General Election is at no great distance. The investigation cannot with safety be postponed until a General Election. Then all is hurry and confusion. There is a fight in every constituency. No man can help his neighbour. Everybody is on his own war-path. There

is therefore no concentration of candidates. They are scattered up and down the land, and so flurried that it is almost impossible to observe their humours. To appreciate a candidate properly, takes time—a great deal of time. But at a by-election shortly before a General Election, candidates are to be found in shoals—genuine candidates who have all gone through the proud process of selection, who enjoy a status peculiarly their own, who have a part to play, and play it with spirit. They hurry to the contest from afar. With what readiness do they proffer their services! Like sea-birds, they come screaming and flapping their wings, and settle down at the same hotel, which for days resounds with their cheerful cries. This is quite the best place to observe them. In the smoking-room at night, after their oratorical labours are over, they are very great, very proud, very happy. Their talk is of their constituencies, as they are pleased to designate the districts which have chosen them. They retail the anecdotes with which they are wont to convulse their audiences. The stories are familiar, but not as they tell them.

What a contrast do these bright hopeful creatures present to their taciturn cynical companions!—sombre figures who sit sucking at their pipes, the actual Members of Parliament, who, far from flying joyfully to the field of battle, as the candidate has just done, have been driven there, grunting and grumbling, by the angry crack of the party Whips.

As you listen to the frank exuberant speech of the candidate, recounting the points he has made during the day, the conviction he has brought home to the waverer, the dilemmas he has thrust upon his opponents, the poor show made by somebody who thought to embarrass him by an interruption, and compare it with the gloomy asides of the member, who, however brave a figure he may have made upon the platform an hour or two before, seems now painfully alive to the inherent weakness of his cause, doubtful of victory anywhere, certain of defeat where he is, it is almost impossible to believe that once upon a time the member was himself a candidate.

Confidence is the badge of the tribe of candidates. How it is born, where it is bred, on what it feeds save vanity, we cannot tell. Figures cannot shake it. It is too majestic to be affected by ridicule. From scorn and brutal jest it turns contemptuously away. We have as we write a candidate in our eye. We met him but yesterday. He is a Liberal candidate, and woos a constituency which returned a Tory in 1885 by the comfortable majority of four hundred. In 1886 there was no contest. It is on this last fact—this melancholy fact—that the candidate seizes, with the instinct of his race, as rebutting the inference that might otherwise, he admits, have been fairly enough drawn from the 1885 figures. An astonishing, an incredible change—so he assured us with a beaming smile, revealing the deep peace that was within—has come over the whole constituency. As he goes in and out amongst his people, as he calls them, he meets on every side with evidence of wholesale conversions. The Wesleyans were shaky; they are now with him to a man. He knows a lady who told him that her brother-in-law, the leading Liberal Unionist in the constituency, had been heard to declare with emphasis that he did not know but what he had had about enough of Joe Chamberlain. And so he babbled on, smiling and sipping, sipping and smiling. When a collision occurs between the boundless confidence of the candidate and the bottomless world-weary scepticism of the member, it is interesting to note how wholly ineffectual is the latter to disturb, even for a moment, the beautifully poised equilibrium of the former. "I always forget the name of the place you are trying for," we lately overheard a member during an election contest observe at breakfast-time to a candidate. "The Slowcombe Division of Muddfordshire," replied the candidate. "Oh!" said the member, with a groan as he savagely chipped at his

egg, "I thought they had given you something better than that." "I wish for nothing better," said the candidate. "I'm safe enough;" and, so saying, he rose from the table, and, taking his hat, went off on to the Parade, where he was soon joined by another candidate, and the pair whiled away a couple of hours in delightful converse.

The politics of candidates are fierce things. In this respect the British commodity differs materially from the American. Mr. Lowell introduces the American candidate as saying—

"Ez to my principles, I glory
In hev'n' nothin' o' the sort.
I ain't a Wig, I ain't a Tory—
I'm just a Canderdate, in short."

Our candidates—good, excellent fellows that they are—are not a bit like Mr. Lowell's. They have as many principles as a fish has bones. Their vision is clear. The following expressions are constantly on their lips:—"I can see no difficulty about it. I have explained it all to my people over and over again, and no more can they. I and my constituency are entirely at one in the matter. I must say our leaders are very disappointing. My people are getting a little dissatisfied, though of course I tell them they must not expect everything at once, and I think they see that"—and so on for an hour or two.

There is nothing a candidate hates more than a practical difficulty; he feels discomfited by it. It destroys the harmony of his periods, the sweep of his generalisations. All such things he dismisses as detail "which need not now detain us gentlemen." Herein, perhaps, consists the true happiness of the candidate. He is the embodied Hope of his party. He will grapple with facts—when he becomes one. In the meantime he floats about, cheered wherever he goes. It is an intoxicating life.

Sometimes when candidates and members meet together—not to aid their common cause at a by-election, but for the purpose of discussing the prospects of their party or the items of their programme—the situation gets a little accentuated. Candidates have a habit of glaring around them, which is distinctly unpleasant; whilst some members sniff the air, as if that were a recognised method of indicating the presence of candidates. Altogether, the less candidates and members see of one another, the better. They are antipathetic; they harm one another.

The self-satisfaction and hopefulness of the candidate, his noisy torrent of talk ere he is dashed below, his untiring enunciation of platitudes and fallacies, his abuse of opponents the weight of whose arm he has never felt—all these things, harmless as they are, far from displeasing in themselves, deepen the gloom of the sitting member into whose soul the iron of St. Stephen's has entered, relax the tension of his mind, unnerve his vigour, corrode his faith; whilst, on the other hand, his demeanour and utterances, his brutal recognition of failure on his own side and of merit in his opponent's, are puzzling to the candidate.

The leaders of parties will do well if they keep members and candidates apart. The latter should always herd together.

To do candidates justice, they are far more amusing, and much better worth studying, than members.

INSTRUCTION IN POLITICS.

TO the present writer one great advantage of the establishment of Home Rule in Ireland, which, strange to say, is not mentioned in the book before us,* seems to lie in the fact that it will give Ireland a written constitution, to be followed, no doubt, by similar documents for England and Scotland, which will serve as a text for regular teaching of the broad outlines of politics. Americans and Swiss, and, to

* Political Manual. By Sydney Buxton. Cassell & Co., 1891.

some extent, Frenchmen, do seem to understand their public law as few educated Englishmen understand theirs (the fact has been noticed by Sir Henry Maine). To see how much can be done, where written Constitutions exist, in making the system and the general principles of government intelligible, we need only look at any of the excellent popular handbooks of the Constitution of the United States which are used in American colleges—at Ford's "American Citizens' Manual," for instance, or Andrew's "Manual of the Constitution," or at what in many ways is the best book of all, Mr. John Fiske's "Civil Government in the United States," of which a review signed by well-known initials appeared in our columns some weeks ago, and which is not only intended for use in high schools, but is based on lectures already delivered to many school-boys and schoolgirls. In Switzerland, again, the student of public law has his Blumer (revised by Morel) in three volumes, the intelligent voter has his Dubs in two—both authors having been among the greatest of Swiss jurists. And though so much has been done towards supplying good books on public law and political theory in England of late years—by Professor Dicey, Professor Anson, and others—they have hardly reached the general public, even that large portion of it which is well educated and acutely interested in politics. Pending the formulation of the British Constitution, a step which, though it has had the support of Mr. Frederic Harrison, yet, as Sir Henry Maine's advocacy of it suggests, will probably be an item in the Conservative programme before many years have passed, we must do the best we can with such statements of existing facts as we have in the English Citizen Series, and such sketches of primary political notions as are contained in Mr. Thomas Raleigh's excellent little book on Elementary Politics. But in England, for the last twenty years our subject-matter has been peculiarly unstable and changeable, and hence the utility of a work on current questions like Mr. Sydney Buxton's Handbook of Politics, from which the little book before us is abridged. This latter summarises, without much classification, but otherwise very clearly as well as fully, the arguments for and against certain familiar proposals: Home Rule for Ireland, the Reform of the House of Lords, shorter Parliaments, Church and State, School Fees (a section now, it is to be hoped, happily no longer required), the Eight Hours question, and Land Law Reform. So detailed and comprehensive is the list of arguments that it would be a hard matter to invent any more—and the problem may be commended to the devisers of prize competitions. As Liberals we rather regret that the arguments *against* reform do not come first, because on reaching them we so often find they have been demolished in advance; and it would not make the book less fair if there were a few more cross-references from the pros to the cons, and *vice versa*.

Probably most readers will wish that more subjects were dealt with. We ourselves should like to see another volume dealing with One Man One Vote, Women's Suffrage, Land Nationalisation, and perhaps Proportional Representation—though it is only in Switzerland and Belgium that this latter is just now within the sphere of practical politics. Of course a reviewer is expected to pick a few holes. Thus when it is given as a stock argument against Home Rule that an Irish Parliament will be Protectionist, we ought in fairness to be told in a footnote that the only scheme yet made public refuses to Ireland the power to impose Customs Duties: Holland at present affords an exception to the statement that "Second Chambers are always Conservative": some notice should have been taken of the orthodox legal theory that "the Church of England" is not a body known to the law as holding endowments, but an aggregate of separate owners whose properties are to some extent under central control; and more should have been made of the fact brought out in a little book by Professor Freeman, that historically, at

any rate, it is not a sect among sects, but the nation as organised for religious purposes. We have no reference, again—but we are very glad of it—to that peculiarly imbecile theory, sometimes put forward, that the existence of the House of Lords is somehow justified by modern biology, because mental and moral qualities are transmissible by inheritance; just as if a man inherited nothing from his mother's family, or as if mental and moral qualities did not often skip a generation, and were not always profoundly modified by their environment. Such justifications are closely akin to the well-known theory of some primitive sociologist that a man descends from his father only, and is no relation to his mother at all—the theory which, after probably revolutionising many primitive societies, formed the basis of such diverse institutions as the Basque Couvade and the Roman Agnatic Kinship, figured in the *Eumenides* of Æschylus, and yet survived long enough to be seriously maintained by James Boswell. On the whole, then, the book is worthy of the highest praise. If both sides will only read it—and especially our opponents, the more so because it is absolutely fair—we shall all at least be a good deal nearer that high level of political intelligence which has always been peculiarly favourable to the Liberal party, and which our leaders have always striven to secure.

MADAME BLAVATSKY.

IT has been argued with much force that the only new career now open to a young person of ambition is the founding of a new religion. It is a tolerably easy career, although it needs faculty. The number of new prophets among us in these latter days is astonishing; or it would be if they all had the notoriety which was enjoyed by the late Madame Blavatsky. She began life as a table-turner, and ended by being the chief of a British-American sect. She had no luck with the French, though she tried for it. Theosophy could not breathe in the atmosphere of Paris. No one said anything against it—no one took so much trouble—but a few people smiled, and it was all over. In this country we take new religions as seriously as all our amusements, and Blavatskyism, if that is the proper word for it, has in some fashion got a root here. It is not much worse than the root of the prison flower in its cranny, but, such as it is, it is a growth. All new religions need a happy thought; and the happy thought in this instance was the grafting of the terminology of Buddhism on the phenomena of the Egyptian Hall. When Madame Blavatsky was young, she entertained her patrons with table-rapping, the reading of hidden bits of paper, the flight of tobacco-pouches through space, and the transit of luminous balls in dark rooms. She could ring bells near the ceiling, and produce trinkets out of empty drawers. Then, much later in her life, came the esoteric Buddhism, which appears to be Buddhism in long words. The word Mesopotamia shrank to nothing beside the nomenclature of this system.

It was curious to see a service, if service it is to be called, in the Lodge at St. John's Wood, which was the headquarters of the English section. On stated days the members assembled to hear lectures on the system. A liberal distribution of tickets enabled outsiders to attend and enjoy the opportunity of conversion. They entered a little tabernacle built in a garden. While waiting for the lecture, they were at liberty to stare at the walls, which were covered with curious inscriptions, and still more curious figures of things that never were on sea or land. The people of the new faith were very much like the people of the old faiths. A few faces among them showed a certain mental acuteness, but most were as serenely vacuous as those of a parish congregation. They all looked extremely respectable.

The man in the corner was evidently a half-pay colonel whose wife objected to theatres. The ladies were serious and usually wakeful, and some of them looked capable of understanding the writing on the wall. They showed much interest in a strange-looking Hindoo, who seemed of infirm mind, and who told beads and prayed in picturesque attitudes in a corner.

When the lecturer happened to be Mrs. Besant it was altogether interesting. Mrs. Besant is fluency itself. Her style is perfectly clear and precise. Her voice is sweet. Her eloquence is the flow of the running brook when no boulders are in the way. It begins as it goes on, without halt or stop—all perfect exposition to the finish, a logic of abstractions which makes the Athanasian Creed a miracle of simplicity. Mrs. Besant used to explain theosophy by the blackboard. There are seven spheres in it, and it is easy enough to draw them in white chalk. The earth is but one of them. Through these seven spheres must we go, and seven times seven is the full count of our wanderings. We enter the first as spiritual protoplasm, or something of that kind; we leave the last as beings of an order so extremely superior that we despise wings. Our present stage of existence upon this earth marks the course of what is called the fourth "round." As we manage matters in that round, so shall we come up smiling, or despondent, for the next. In each sphere, and more especially in each round, our souls acquire new powers. What is finally to happen to them in the seven times seventh is hardly to be conjectured, but it is something very fine indeed. In the questioning that follows the lecture, the half-pay colonel will unsuccessfully try to show that he has not been asleep. Keen young fellows from the Universities who think something of the doctrine, and know how to express it, help to lift up the debate. Wild men with long hair bring astrology into the memorial, and announce curious discoveries in Celestial intrigue, which exactly account for the latest news from the Masters in Thibet. Some of the questions are little more than a string of polysyllables, and of technical polysyllables at that. There are mysterious references to the book of Dzryan, to the mountain range of Altyntoga, and to a wonderful manuscript made out of palm leaves, impermeable to water, fire, and air. Nothing is difficult, so long only as it is something that nobody can understand.

The poor old prophetess was rarely present on these occasions. She had grown heavy and feeble, and her physical life had entered prematurely into the days of labour and sorrow; yet none the less did she keep the whole thing together. She ruled her disciples by a curious mixture of mysticism of speech and bluntness of manner in which the Tartar or the Cossack was blended with the Hindoo. It is impossible to say much more of her, for she has but recently gone into the great silence, but one day a curious chapter in the history of superstitions may be written on the memorials of "Blavatsky Lodge."

MR. GRANT ALLEN AT DINNER.

MR. GRANT ALLEN says that Hedda Gabler is just such a lady as he takes in to dinner nineteen times in twenty.

"Clear, please. Yes, Mrs. Hedda, I seem to have known you for quite a long time, though this is the first occasion on which I have taken you in to dinner."

"Thick, please. It is very good of you to say so, Mr. Allen. I suppose you mean that you have heard how much I enjoy your writings? Claret."

"Sherry, please. No, Mrs. Hedda, I was quite unaware that you had read my books. But I am glad you like them."

"George brings them to me from the library."

"May I ask who George is?"

"Oh, don't let us waste time talking about him, Mr. Allen: do tell me what you meant by saying that you seemed to have known me for quite a long time. No, thank you."

"Well, Mrs. Hedda, I meant that I take ladies just like you in to dinner nineteen times in twenty."

"Can you tell me who all those people are, Mr. Allen?"

"I know most of them, Mrs. Hedda. They are the set one is eternally meeting at a London dinner-table. Bread, please."

"That little fair woman opposite is—?"

"She used to be a Mrs. Elvsted. I am not quite sure what her name is at present. A sweet, innocent creature, of a clinging nature—made to cling, I should say."

"And the lady in green?"

"Ah! she has had a sad history. I only know her Christian name—Nora. She left her husband, I believe, because he would call her 'Pet.'"

"How insulting!"

"Yes, she flung out of the house in the bravest manner, but left the children to him. But we must not extol her as unique, Mrs. Hedda. Nineteen out of every twenty of the ladies one takes in to dinner do such things. I am confident, now, that you—No, thank you. I cannot say who the gentleman on her right is. He seems to say nothing but 'Fancy that!'"

"Sometimes, Mr. Allen, he says 'Just think of that, now!' He is a young man of letters."

"Ha! not the kind that one meets nineteen times in twenty. Do you happen to know his name?"

"His name is Tesman—George Tesman."

"Never heard it. Where does he write?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, Mr. Allen. He is my husband, don't you know?"

"Just think of that, Mrs. Hedda!"

"I think of it as little as possible, Mr. Allen."

"In the back garden?"

"Yes, I have a licence."

"You use an air-gun?"

"No, Mr. Allen; I wonder at your thinking that of me."

"I only meant that the air-gun is noiseless, Mrs. Hedda."

"I hate a noiseless weapon. Don't you think half of the exhilaration is lost if you don't hear the crack of the pistol?"

"No doubt, but I thought the neighbours might object."

"How could they? I don't shoot at them. I have not even winged a child."

"Is it not a little dangerous, though? When you see a neighbour digging in his garden of an evening, does not a sudden temptation come to you to—, eh?"

"No, I should not care to shoot a perfect stranger."

"But if he were someone you had an interest in—say, George?"

"Oh, I have no interest in George. Even if I did pick him off, he would say, 'You have shot me, Hedda; fancy that!' before he fell."

"Lamb, please. In the *Fortnightly*? I should like to read it. Life is such a mistake, don't you think?"

"It is so difficult, Mrs. Hedda, to know what else to do. Thank you, yes."

"Still, you agree with me?"

"It would make a good article."

"And how much more interesting if you had really done it before the article appeared!"

"I don't know that I should care to do it myself."

"I wish you would, Mr. Allen."

"Why, Mrs. Hedda?"

"I suppose because I like you. I always advise the men I like to do it."

"Do they?"

"Not always. One did—but in the wrong place."

"Still, if it finished him off, that was the main thing, was it not?"

"Oh dear no. Better not do it at all, if you cannot do it gracefully."

"Are you thinking over what I have been advising, Mr. Allen?"

"Yes, Mrs. Hedda, but I don't quite see my way. Gorgonzola, please."

"No cheese, thank you. Do you mean, Mr. Allen, that you are afraid you could not do it gracefully?"

"I dare say that is what I mean. The summer has come at last, don't you think, Mrs. Hedda?"

"I am positive you exaggerate the difficulties. The great thing is to do it in the right place. Now, there are several good places."

"A few more days of this sun, and the broom will be in full bloom. The blossom on the apple trees—"

"Of course you must not aim too low down because—"

"The sight of the blossom went to my heart, Mrs. Hedda, and—"

"The heart is a good place, a very good place."

"Positively it was so hot yesterday that I sat out of doors with bare head."

"The head is a good place, too."

"You have escaped the influenza, Mrs. Hedda? Astonishing, is it not, the number of members of Parliament who—"

"I always carry one in my pocket for the use of friends. I will wrap it up in my handkerchief and then you can drop your napkin over it and so manage to slip it up your sleeve unobserved. It is double-barrelled—"

WHAT MR. SAINTSBURY THINKS.

"OF what," asks the singer—"Of what is the old man thinking, As he sits in his elbow-chair?" As a rule he appears to be thinking that the young men nowadays are rather a poor lot, and come monstrously short of the standard of his own bright youth. To borrow Mr. Swiveller's way of putting it, the old man as a critic is not friendly: occasionally he is very fierce indeed: and for some reason or another his voice has been heard in the land, this spring, to the extinction of the turtle's. As a flippant young man remarked, the other day, "the Graie seem to have been passing round their tooth." It is therefore something of a relief to take up Mr. George Saintsbury's new volume ("Essays on the French Novelists," Percival & Co.), and find one critic, at all events, of elderly proclivities, who can manage to discuss a number of writers with whom he has no sympathy and to treat them fairly.

In his first essay Mr. Saintsbury hints that he has read about a couple of hundred French novels every year for the last decade. This is appalling; and a reader unacquainted with Mr. Saintsbury's great reputation might be forgiven for hastily concluding that so much industry must long ago have been fatal to Mr. Saintsbury's judgment. It is as if a man claimed to be a judge of wine on the ground that he "tasted" it to the extent of two gallons a day. And it would be easy, as well as unjust, to argue that this industry explains Mr. Saintsbury's dislike of the modern developments of the novel in France; for we may assume that new books form the bulk of his year's total. There is something in the contention, nevertheless. It takes two to make literature—one to write and the other to read; and the duty of selection is as imperative in the reader's case as in the writer's. To read, let us say, a hundred and fifty new novels a year means, for ninety-nine

men in a hundred, indigestion; and indigestion means not only dissatisfaction with the meal but (we leave the reader to search his experience for proof of this) a peevish disposition to lay the blame on this or that particular course. Mr. Saintsbury says it's the salmon. In other words he accuses "realism" and the "analytical method," whereas the mere amount consumed may well account for his dyspepsia.

On the other hand Mr. Saintsbury has been an omnivorous reader of older French novels, and they have not affected his digestion in the least. Of course, if any hundred books be taken, fifty old and fifty new, the odds are that the quality of the fifty old books will be considerably superior to that of the fifty new ones; for the really worst books of past generations have gone to line trunks and wrap mackerel, while those of to-day are still competing with their betters. But Mr. Saintsbury has nevertheless been able to find and read a considerable number of really bad old books without damage to his taste or temper. He is the last man in the world with whom a novel of "sensibility" might be expected to "agree"; and yet he not only speaks of Madame de la Fayette and her followers with respect, allowing even that "the conventional absurdities of the *précieuses*, their sighs and flames, their platonic affections, their elaborate gradations of the tender passion, were really an attempt, and a not unsuccessful attempt at reform," a righteous revolt against that "Chivalry" which somehow has been the most overpraised and misunderstood thing in history, but he is able to describe to us some of the more ridiculous excesses of the "sensibility" school with a gusto that he obviously lacks when writing of anybody later than Flaubert. His own excuse is that Modern France does not take its literature with the slightest relish. Mr. Saintsbury doesn't read with relish because MM. Zola, Daudet, Bourget, "Loti," etc., do not write with relish. We should be the more inclined to accept this did we not observe that there is scarcely a living critic who reads with relish any novel written since he was twenty-five years old.

For let us consider. Since 1878, as Mr. Saintsbury points out, many French novelists have died. Sandeau is gone, and Flaubert and About and Feuillet; M. Droz has turned from gallantry to devotion, M. Cherbuliez from fiction to politics. "It can hardly be said that the place of these masters, or at least the best of them, has been taken," says Mr. Saintsbury. Well, Flaubert stands by himself, perhaps; but to set MM. About and Droz on this imposing pedestal is surely a little strong. Everybody has a brick for M. Zola in these days. Messrs. Oscar Wilde and Robert Buchanan (heaven smile upon the fair conjunction) heave one apiece, though from different sides. Everybody, too, knows that M. Zola is not what he seems: the monthly magazines have informed us seven and seventy times that he is no realist at all, but a slightly lyrical pessimist. Still it is a little hard to hint that he is no consolation for the decease of the lamented About; and there is some question whether he is half as naughty as the lamented Feuillet.

And M. Daudet? "Professed Daudetists," he says, would think scorn of anyone who regarded their idol as the creator of Tartarin and the charming "Chèvre de M. Séguin": they rest his fame on his "great works," from "Le Petit Chose" to "L'Immortel" and "my own attitude to this Daudet cult is," Mr. Saintsbury is sorry to say, "the dissidence of dissent." But, in the name of criticism, why criticise the foolish worshippers of an author rather than the author himself? "La Chèvre de M. Séguin" Mr. Saintsbury admits to be "an imperishable thing"; and admiring this small story he must (we are free to bet) admire at least a dozen more of the "Lettres de mon Moulin," and the "Contes de Lundi"—"Les Étoiles," for instance, and "Les Deux Auberges," "Wood's-town," "La Dernière Classe," &c. &c. But it seems that, while ready to praise many short stories by these later writers—Zola's

"Attaque du Moulin," Daudet's "Chèvre de M. Séguin," de Maupassant's "Boule de Suif" and "Les Sœurs Rondoli"—and to praise them very highly, he can say very little for their longer efforts! It is true that he calls "Pierre et Jean" the best French novel which has been written since 1870; but taken in its context this testimonial does not amount to much.

What is the matter, then?—for a man who loves Gautier with his whole heart, as Mr. Saintsbury loves him, must needs be listened to when he assails the modern French novel, while Mr. Buchanan, another assailant, who has an idea in what Homer would call "his dear head" that Gautier "treats flesh like a pork butcher," may merely be recommended to learn the language. The evil, Mr. Saintsbury thinks, lies in realism and analysis. With regard to the former most people are now agreed. It is really but a phase in the struggle to produce good work which has gone on from the beginning of time. Men say suddenly "We are tired of old ways and traditions. Let us betake ourselves to life and study it at first-hand and copy it;" and after a while, finding life and nature altogether too vast and too full of detail, they return again and work again in the old ways with some improvements that their excursion has taught them. Strict realism, as everybody now sees, is a mere dream; but the "movement" itself was necessary to save writers from conventionality. Of the tendency towards analysis we have less hope. It is, we agree with Mr. Saintsbury, "not strictly a method at all." If the aim of the novelist be to represent life, let him represent it; but motives, after all, are merely a preliminary of human action, and the dissection of motives must therefore be but a preliminary to the representation of human action. To say that Angelina asked Edwin if he would take another cup of tea, not because she wanted him to take another cup, but from a desire to see how he would behave when the possibility of having another cup was suggested to him, is to mistake the scaffolding for the story.

Mr. Saintsbury concludes his preface with some words of unexpected hopefulness. "In both France and England I see a considerable flagging in the kinds of the novel proper, and what energy there is appears to me to be diverted into the simpler romance. . . . The simple extravagance, the natural impossibilities, the kindly enormities of the romance are what we all want after the last forty years of analysis, which has left nothing worth analysing. The new romance will, in its turn, no doubt, give rise and place to the new novel. Thackeray follows Scott and Flaubert Dumas quite naturally. They always have done so (with differences), and always will."

"With differences"—the important truth seems to us to lie in the parenthesis. And the movement towards realism—dislike it as we may, and monstrous as we may consider its extravagances—is no worse than a step towards the new Thackeray or the new Flaubert, with differences.

THE BEST INTENTIONS.

This is a Dialogue. The persons are Cyril and Vivian: the scene is the library of a house in Piccadilly, overlooking the Green Park: the time, just after supper.

CYRIL: That lobster was perfect—

Vivian: Ah! don't call it that—call it a flamingo. My cook makes mad scarlet things, does he not?—things that have been wicked in deep seas and curiously passionate beneath many waters, and wear the red livery of their sin about them; things with claws. They have been dead many times—

Cyril: My dear Vivian!

Vivian: For them Nero has been an angler in the lake of darkness; and if to the uncritical fisherman of to-day, as he dangles his bare legs over the gunwale of his bobbing boat, they appear sable, what wonder? Beautiful things are invariably careless; they take one man by the toe and another by the critical faculty; and one man sees the strange creature black with sin, original and acquired, while the other beholds only, with purified vision, the ruddy brand of experience, which is emotion, which is suffering, upon its scales. What does he care for the beast's morals? He is a critic and the critic's first duty is to be blind.

Cyril (suddenly): When is a door not a door, Vivian?

Vivian: I was waiting for that question. To the critic it is not a door until he has removed the knocker, the letter-box, and the brass plate of the not sufficiently general practitioner. As he eliminates these objects one by one, so, step by step, does he advance towards the point where criticism may worthily begin. You remember how, in the first chapter of George Eliot's novel, Seth Bede forgets the panels in the door that he is making. I have sometimes thought there was more than Methodism in his madness and that, overpassing with a flash of contemptuous insight the question which has vexed mankind so long, he meant to set it at rest for ever by answering the more important corollary, When is a door really a door? In the same way the flamingo is red and real to me, having been sublimated on its way to my table; for on its way it encountered Art. My cook purified it by pity and terror. Nature, however, is so confoundedly imitative and follows Art so pertinaciously, that I think of giving him warning.

Cyril: Do you mean to say that Nature will soon emulate Art to the extent of giving us red lobster-flamingoes?

Vivian: Cooked, my dear fellow! You smile. But you would smile no longer were you persecuted, as I am, by the cheap burlesques of Nature. The Sun itself plagiarises from me. Once or twice, lately, it has been almost brilliant; and I live in dread that it will soon fall into my habit of staying up half the night. Looking out on the weather I find it a little wilde. Be so good as to hand me the book at your elbow, a little volume, bound in some Nile-green thing that has been powdered with gilded nenuphars, its cream-laid pages impregnated with the fragrance of gum Arabic, and its price erased, inside the cover, by gutta-percha. It contains the paragraphs I cull, in my dull hours, from *Tit-Bits*. Open it at the cutting headed, "Phenomenal Instinct of a Dog in Essex," and you will find that a farmer named Savory, dwelling on the banks of the Colne, was awakened, one bitter night last January, by the scratching of a Newfoundland dog at his front door. Being convinced at last, by the animal's behaviour, that something was wrong, he followed it to an adjacent bridge that spans the river; but finding nothing, very excusably kicked the dog (who appeared to be puzzled) and returned to his bed. Next morning, however, the twin infants of a neighbouring farmer were found, frozen to death and lying side by side, *at the other end of the bridge*. It was conjectured that the babes, having tumbled into the river in the attempt to rescue each other, had been brought to shore by the dog their father kept for that very purpose, but that the otherwise sagacious animal had confused the two ends of the bridge. At the inquest the coroner happened to ask the dog's name. It was "General." At least it should have been.

But the Greeks, my dear Cyril, were secure of Nature's competition, because in Hellas there were no tourists to leave newspapers about. In the best days of Art the sculptor went forth and chiselled his father and his mother, his uncle and his friend, and none gainsaid him. He journeyed to the Parian quarries and cut his undesirable acquaintances on the spot. The painter painted the town red, or